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March 27, 1985 # 256

RAM

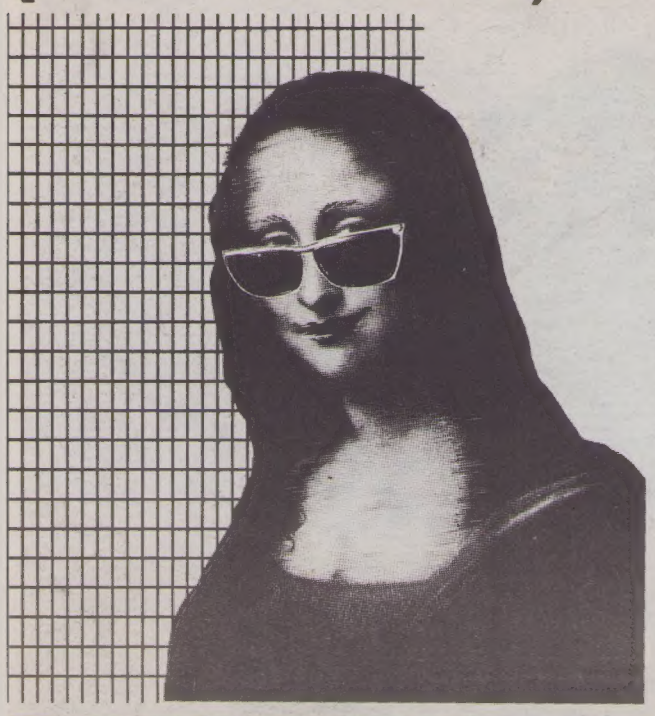
SPECIAL ISSUE 10 YEARS

POP ART

Images of coolness past

READERS' POLL RESULTS

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DECADE MAKES! (256 Issues, To Be Precise...)



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Hunters & Collectors, The Mighty Spirit Show Live plus selected albums — including the Star of Centerfield

GIG GUIDE (RAM No. 1 — March 8, 1975)

Frenchs Tavern,
86 Oxford Street,
Darlinghurst. 31 2824
26/2 & 5/3 **Richard Clapton Band**
27/2 & 6/3 **John Robinsons Band**
28/2 & 7/3 **Doyle & Wilson Band**
1/3, 3/3, 8/3, 10/3 **Foreday Riders**
4/3 & 11/3 **Tolepuddle** (from NZ)
5 pm-10 pm, no admission charge.
music starts 7.45 pm.

North Sydney Boys High,
Falcon Street,
North Sydney. 92 1565.
28/2 **AC/DC.**

Manly Vale Hotel,
250 Condamine Street,
Manly Vale. 94 7151.
28/2-1/3 **Finch.**

Harpoon Harry's,
325 George Street,
Sydney. 29 6622.
Mon through to Sat.
26/2-11/3 **Shep & Tom**

Grange Discotheque,
84½ Pitt Street,
Sydney. 25 7531.
Rock nights Friday & Saturday.
28/2-1/3 **Jackie Christian & Target.**
7-8/3 **Radio Birdman.**
Admission: $2.

Coogee Oceanic Hotel,
Arden & Carr Sts.
Coogee. 665 5221.
1/3 **La De Dahs.**
Admission: $2.50.

THE BACKSTAGE PASSOUT PARADE

"It makes no difference how good you are.
If you're not exposed to the public enough,
then you're dead."
— Johnny Shines

You may well be wondering why the cover of this landmark issue should bear the inscrutable visage of a somewhat neofied Mona Lisa... Well, we toyed with the idea of a ten-year coincidence — Mick Jagger on the cover of Issue No. 1, and again a decade later — but rejected it on the grounds of time standing still. Just as Mona's secret smile suggests a certain ambivalence, so does any rock'n'roll milestone 'achievement'. Is getting there what it's about, or is the rock'n'roll myth a circle of deceit?

Call it cyclic, or consider it timeless... Is Music any longer informed by the mood of the moment? Forethought, calculation, artifice, avarice, deception, synthesis, simulated emotion — it's all there today in alarmingly long supply. What happened to the one-take wonder, the instantaneous spark of creation? It's still around ... you've just gotta look a little harder for it in 1985.

Which is what the Rock Press is all about — in that sense, nothing's changed since 1975. A good interview is still akin to scoring a backstage pass without having to jump through the usual hoops. A good interview still reveals more about the artist than any $200,000 video or an endless roll of photographs, though both play their auxiliary part to the written word.

It's for this reason that we'll go on delivering your very own Backstage Pass till the next milestone crops up on the horizon. In the meantime, talk to someone who's been doing it for the last ten years — if ever there were a constant spirit of the RAM, its name is ...
ANDREW McMILLAN

Here's to the next ten years...

A DECADE-HENCE

OKAY, so this is what they call the eleventh hour. It's Saturday night, the printers are screaming for copy, the editor's kidnapped Kissinger and if we can't thrash this piece out in half an hour or so, I'll probably end up stark naked and screaming hysterically in the middle of Darlinghurst Road. At least it won't be Fitzroy Street...

It all started just on ten years ago, but I think last night was the worst. For there, nailed to the front door, was a white envelope bearing the Australian Coat Of Arms and these bold black letters screaming 'SUMMONS ENCLOSED'. Getting dumped with about three hundred pounds of abject paranoia when you're trying desperately to recover from thirteen hours in the company of serious degenerates and other delinquents who haunt Benny's and the Manzil Room...

A SUMMONS! Not again! I mean, they're nice to look back on and laugh about, but at the time of their delivery they tend to have a similar effect on the central nervous system as a bag of bad prunes. But then, libel suits tend to have that effect on people. I've picked up maybe half a dozen of these letters from solicitors in my years with RAM. Usually they're prefaced with charming hints like 'WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE'.

This one, though, was the embodiment of Phil Stafford's righteous indignation... *"Andrew - it's about yer copy — where is it!!? Ring me at the orifice after 9 tonight – Fill. P.S.: 10 Years, Man – today!! Where's the champers??"*

Deadlines, they should realise, were made to be broken. But RAM editors have never been particularly sensitive in that area. I spent a tortured lifetime on staff here one year. That was enough.

Anthony O'Grady was the editor in those days. Intolerant bugger. No sense of humour. *(Lemme outa here! Kill that deadline, it's making me nervous! Whaddya mean you want me behind a typewriter before midday? Are you outa your mind?! I've got a reputation to uphold! Listen, I write some of my best shit on the floor of the Lifesaver!)*

A year on staff was more than enough. Most of the people who lasted that long never touched a typewriter again. Just bailed out and took up basket-weaving, plasticene modelling or golf. May they rest in a little more peace than they were ever afforded when the dreaded deadlines approached, bearing down on the jangled psyche with all the errant power and stability of the crippled B-52.

Freelancing is somewhat more conducive to a pleasant life. The money might be irregular — the rent's something like five weeks behind — but at least you can take the phone off the hook and retire to the bunker. Besides, it leaves you more time to enjoy and explore the thing that actually inspired you to write in the first place — the power of rock'n'roll. And if you were profoundly inspired by the power, the potential and the passion of a band like the Oils, wouldn't you want to devote your life to enjoying it? Well, maybe not.

For these are strange times. A couple of weeks ago, I was stopped in the street by a couple of guys in a black panel van. I was ready to run. They started raving about my last Oils' feature. In ten years, nothing quite like that had ever happened. Chain it to the vaults.

Or maybe pass it onto one of the great perceptive minds of our time: Bob Hudson, who recently offered his definition of the rock journalist — "a person who can grovel vertically and knows where to get drugs".

Which brings us, ever so briefly, back to the present crisis of trying to meet this deadline. The time is moving by, Stafford's wearing holes in the carpet doing the perpendicular grovel while making vague insinuations that he knows who's holding. So please excuse me for a moment while I brain the silly bugger with a typewriter.

Mmmmm, that feels better. All systems go for a brief rewind of events that have burned a shaft in this addled memory... The Clash press conference in Sydney, Radio Birdman and the Oils anywhere, Jo Jo Zep & the Flagons at the Paris Theatre, the Tatts at the Swap, Chisel and the Angels when they were incandescent rather than fluorescent, Matt Finish at PACT, INXS at The Venue, the Saints on Petrie Terrace, PiL at the Tivoli, Quo at Festival Hall, Springsteen's sense of the road, Negative Reaction's bitter resignation, Sacred Cowboys' pursuit of the plight, Nick Cave's Man Or Myth show at the Musos' Club... in fact, everything that blew me through the wall.

Making music for the sake of it ain't worth a damn. The very best rock'n'roll is that galvanising slice of passion, commitment, and desperation that captures the spirit. That demands to be burned at the stake, simply to keep you alive. That needs to be celebrated. That needs to be exorcised with every gram of adrenalin in your system.

Look, I'm sorry. Really I am. But I've been powering towards this complete breakdown for about three weeks now (or is it ten years?), so I'm going to leave you to it. Maybe I'll make a little more sense in a week or two. 'Cos I can see the light at the end of this trench.

It's out there, riding on the horizon. The promise of a couple of weeks with the Warumpis, tracking Mamu across the desert.

ARMALITE: We're A-OK.

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Transit Lounge

PEOPLE. EVENTS. THINGS ON THE MOVE

'SONGS OF THE PRE-WAR ERA' — A Concert For Disarmament

Over twenty musicians from bands as diverse as the **Church, Midnight Oil, Dropbears, Crystal Set** and the **Siberian Allstars** will take part in a special concert for disarmament in Sydney on Palm Sunday, March 31.

All profits from the show, to be held at the Chevron under the provocative banner of **'Songs From The Pre-War Era'**, will be held in trust for later distribution to the NDP and its international equivalent, the PND (People for Nuclear Disarmament).

Along with key members of the bands mentioned above (including **Rob Hirst, Steven Kilbey** and **Johnny Batchelor**), the concert will feature such fixtures of Australian music as **Phil Small** (Cold Chisel), **John Lloyd** (Sardine/Icehouse) and ex-Dugites keyboardist **Peter Crosbie**.

One of the principal consultants for the show is the Agents' **James Griffin**, whose current 'scratch band' the Subterraneans will perform on the night as its last date of a month-long tour. Included in the lineup are ex-Dugite **Peter Kaldor** on bass and saxophone, drummer **Michael Barclay** (formerly of Paul Kelly & the Dots), plus guitarist **Peter Coutache** (past member of X, Kamikaze Kids). Doubling with Kaldor on sax is former Laughing Clown **Louise Elliot**, who seems to be everywhere of late: not only is she in the current Saints' lineup, but recent stints included one-offs with Tactics and Tap Dance, who supported the Triffids on their first date back in Sydney. Founding Dugite Peter Crosbie will also be sitting in on keyboards. In the runup to Palm Sunday's show, check their form at the Macquarie Uni bar on March 14, or the Hopetoun on the 16th.

James Griffin

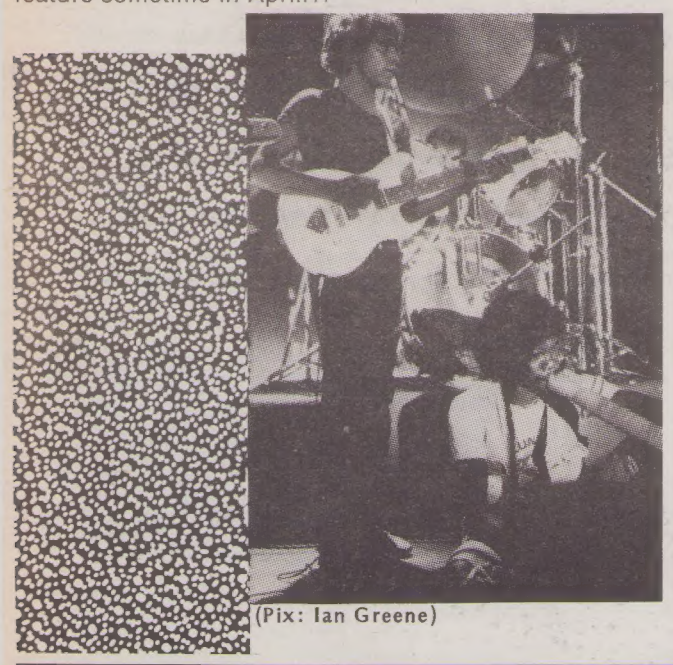
WARUMPIS' ALBUM LAUNCH AT THE DESERT HILTON!

Expect the guest list to be short and the refreshments light for the launch of the Warumpi Band's debut LP, *Big Name, No Blankets* later this month. Can't see the media descending in its usual thirsty plague, for the long-awaited event's to take place with a 'concert spectacular' at the Araluen Arts Centre, Alice Springs on March 23.

Supporting the Warumpis on the night will be emerging country rock band from Amata, **Ilkari Maru** ('Black Sky'), along with **Isaac Yama** — the true pioneer of contemporary Aboriginal language songwriting in Central Australia. Over to the Warumpis' inimitable press release...

"The usual thing for most Aussie rock bands on release of a record is to immediately embark on the East Coast Album Flog Tour. As if the cover of the Warumpi Band's new single, *Breadline/Wiima Tjuta (All The Kids)* isn't any sort of a hint. Be it no surprise then that immediately after the Araluen show, the Warumpis will head to where the record market is best — with a willy-willy tour of exclusive desert resorts in Western Australia..."

Correction to the opening paragraph above: overland hitch-hiking expert Andrew McMillan is to make his way to the album launch, thenceforth to join the Warumpis for the first ten days of the tour. If he ever makes it back from Kalgoorlie, expect an extensive feature sometime in April...



(Pix: Ian Greene)

0The memory of Australian Crawl's **Guy McDonough**, struck down by viral pneumonia seven months ago, is to be honoured with the release of a posthumous single and album on March 25. Called *My Place*, both records are a labour of love put together by his brother Bill with help from various Melbourne musicians — including other Crawl alumni. Watch for a feature on the project in an upcoming issue...

Ex-members of the defunct Laughing Clowns and Sunnyboys have turned up in the latest incarnation of Chris Bailey's **Saints**. Joining new bassist **Arch Larriza** (ex-Innocents) are **Jeff Wegener** on drums and saxophonist **Louise Elliot**, plus the Sunnies' **Richard Burghman** on guitar. They'll tour the eastern states from mid-March on the heels of a new single, a remixed version of *Angels* b/w *Don't Send Me Roses* — both from last year's *A Little Madness To Be Free* album.

Kicking off around the same time is a series of shows dubbed 'The Magnificent Seven', starring a collective called **'Cowboys And Comedians'** (plus the **Johnnys**)... Provoking the laffs (along with Spencer P. Jones) will be **Vince Sorrenti, Anthony Ackroyd, Calvin De Grey** and new comedienne **Rhonda Carling-Rogers** — who recently excelled on the otherwise catatonic *Starsearch* TV quest. First drinks'n'jokes at Sydney's revamped Sheila's on the 18th.

Prior to the release of a new single, *Exposure Of My Senses*, Sydney's **Gravity Pirates** will tour Melbourne and Brisbane in late March. Produced at Richmond Recorders by the indefatigable Lobby Loyde, the Pirates' new 45 should be out early April...

Talk about a sleeper... Though it was first released almost a year ago, the **Scream**'s excellent debut single *Some Get Lucky/Capable Of Anything* has finally begun to live up to its inherent portent... in Melbourne, at least. Following a recent successful tour south with the Gulf Klub, EON-FM, 3RRR and 3PBS have picked up both tracks for airplay, necessitating a second pressing. What's more, the video for *Some Get Lucky* was recently screened at the week-long Australian Music Fair in Tokyo, garnering considerable interest. With various members currently engaged in recording with new Sydney outfit **Prophets Of Fire**, the Scream are back in live action around Sydney in their few spare moments...

With the new single *Speak No Evil* just released, it was feared Dragon's **Marc Hunter** might have lost his voice to some bizarre jinx last week. Ah, 'twas but a touch of bronchitis and a related throat infection — though serious enough to force the cancellation of the first three dates of the band's current tour...

Despite spending over $200,000 Aust. on their last film clip alone, **Chrysalis Records** are currently being sued by their flagship act, **Spandau Ballet** — for a breach of contract citing "lack of promotional support". The band, on tour in Australia at present, also seek to end all existing contractual commitments to Chrysalis "as soon as possible". A spokesman for Spandau's management also said late last month: "The writ served is a direct result of the group's dissatisfaction over the record company's failure to honour its contract to support and promote the group as agreed". So who's paying for the current tour we wonder?

Bronski Beat singer **Jimi Somerville** reportedly did a Joe Strummer last week and vanished... on the very day the band were to make a live appearance on the British TV show, *The Tube*. Despite a phone call some hours later informing the other Bronskis he had "left the country", at press time no-one knew of Somerville's whereabouts. He did say he'd be back in "about seven or eight days", however...

TELEGRA

NUCLEUS WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE ALL WHO HAVE
CONTRIBUTED TO MAKING RAM A SUCCESS OVER THE LAST TEN YEARS.
KEEP IT HAPPENING
CHRIS PLIMMER, ZEV EIZIK AND ALL AT NUCLEUS

COL 3RD 52

Telecom

11.45 AM

THE BONDI CONNECTION — Youth Music Booms In Sydney

Public response to a Sydney-based series of youth music workshops has been overwhelming, pointing to an obvious need for similar undertakings in future. Organisers of the 'Bondi Youth Wave Music Project', Tony Duke and Chrissey Shaw, have seen their efforts rewarded with a full complement of enrolments for every music tuition class in the project, which gets under way at the Bondi Pavilion on March 18.

The Youth Wave programme, jointly staged by the Waverley Council and the Pavilion's Community Centre, will also present a series of seminars on music business-related subjects, all of which are open to the public.

The Youth Wave programme, jointly staged by the Waverley Council and the Pavilion's Community Centre, will also present a series of seminars on music business-related subjects, all of which are open to the public. **Funded in part by the Music Board of the Australia Council, the project includes tuition in guitar, voice, bass, keyboards, brass, woodwinds, drums and percussion workshops on music literacy, harmony, songwriting, arrangement and production/lighting.**

Seminars will centre on band/tour management, legalities, recording, video and the media, and take place every Wednesday from March 20 through to May 8. Each will be chaired and panelled by appropriately experienced professionals, some of whom are yet to come forward. If you're suitably qualified, ring Tony or Chris on (02) 308 408 or 303 325. If you're totally *un*qualified, git along and learn something!

The Ethiopian Relief snowball rolls even further this month with the release of **'Video Aid'**, a 22-song compilation featuring virtually every major name in pop's current hierarchy — from **Wham!, Duran, Spandau** and **Eurythmics** through to **U2, Godley & Creme, Peter Gabriel, Phil Collins** and the **Style Council**. Released through PolyGram on the Virgin label, the 90-minute cassette also includes a live version of **Frankie**'s *Relax* plus link messages and intros from **Midge Ure, Bob Geldof, David Bowie** and **Mick Jagger**! Too huge, and it doesn't cost anything like you'd expect — a mere $29.95, with at least 50 percent of the retail gross going direct to the Famine Relief Fund. Meanwhile, the US Band Aid single — *We Are The World* — should be released by the time you read this. Written by **Michael Jackson** and **Lionel Richie**, produced by **Quincy Jones** and featuring the expected cast of thousands, it'll be followed up with an album in April...

BELVOIR STREET THEATRE Opening Tonite! (HA HA HA)

Sydney's new theatre opens as we go to press with a month long season by the much-lauded music/theatre group Ha Ha Ha. Future attractions will range from Patrick White premieres to dance companies, straight theatre to rock concerts.

Apart from the innovative programming, a lot of interest will centre on whether Belvoir Street can make the dream of a true theatre collective work. It was founded in August last year when over 800 of Australia's most active workers in theatre, film and television formed a syndicate to buy the former Nimrod Theatre building in Surry Hills.

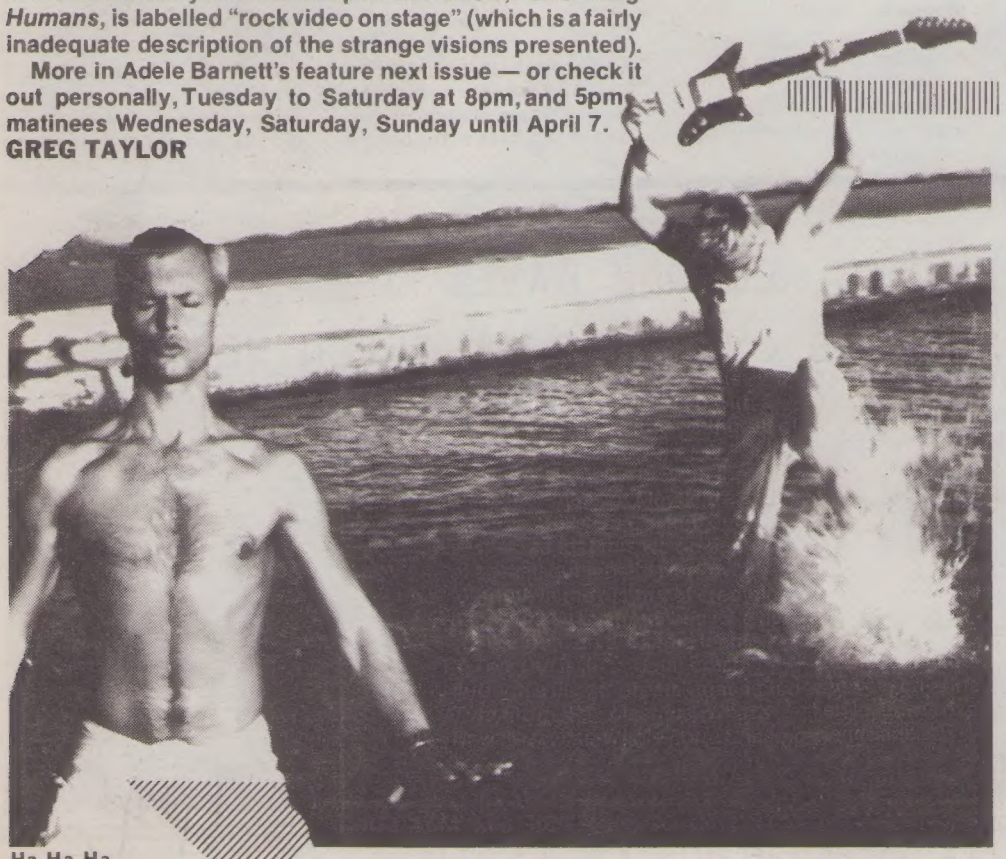
Rather than see the venue turned into another commercial playhouse (or maybe a shopping mall), they put their money (over half a million dollars) and time on the line to turn it into a "space for innovation" where performers, writers and directors could present the work they really cared about.

They intend both the Upstairs and Downstairs auditoriums to be fully used, with late night shows, comedy, cabaret and films supplementing whatever main madness is playing.

Ha Ha Ha have been featured in these pages several times in the last year. The troupe's new show, *Performing Humans*, is labelled "rock video on stage" (which is a fairly inadequate description of the strange visions presented).

More in Adele Barnett's feature next issue — or check it out personally, Tuesday to Saturday at 8pm, and 5pm matinees Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday until April 7.

GREG TAYLOR



Ha Ha Ha

Confirming the fact that most significant life-forms sprang forth in 1975 (JJ, *Sounds, Countdown* and *RAM*) comes the news that Sydney's **Blacktown RSL** accrues *its* ten years of rock'n'roll life as well this year. They're celebrating with a name-change and extensive renovatory surgery — as of last week, the room became known as **'The Rock Arena'** with the installation of $200,000 worth of video, sound and lighting equipment. With a 2am license and extremely reasonable bar prices, it's now even more of a viable alternative to terminal Blacktown boredom...

Something's going right for **John Kennedy's Love Gone Wrong**... There's a new single out for starters, with a snappy video to boot — called *Miracle In Marrickville*, it's JK's move into social realism after the awkward doodlings of his last offering. From the 16th, he'll also be back on the road — with band ranks including the **Rockmelons/Cheatin' Hearts'** rhythm section plus pedal steel guitarist **Graham Lee**, who's shortly to join the **Triffids** for their European tour. And on guitar, one Colin Bloxsom: last known address, behind the Triffids' sound desk. Another miracle!

Must be Quote of the Year so far: "I don't understand young people in the UK. Why do they get so excited about that band Bang? You know, those two fat boys with the streaks in their hair. The ones that look like girls..." (**Jerry Hall**, in the English *News Of The World*). To which **George Michael** later replied in a fit of less-than-inspired bitchery: "What's the difference between the Eiffel Tower and Jerry Hall?" Give up. "Not everyone has been up the tower." There must be easier ways to commit suicide, George...

'I just called to say... I'm in jail!' **Stevie Wonder** was arrested last month during an anti-apartheid demonstration in Washington. Wonder — who joined the protest outside the American capital's South African Embassy along with 47 other demonstrators — was later released by police and faces an imminent court appearance.

The **Angels** have been invited to participate in a "Jamfest", to be held in Jamaica from April 1-9; other artists appearing include **Culture Club, Bono Box** and **UB40**.

Well Ram,

10 years and still selling!

Quite amazing considering all the suspicious editors and journalists (calling themselves writers) who have been employed over the years by you. Be grateful good hearted companies like EMI are willing to pay your excessive prices for advertising space so as to keep your magazine going.

ONLY joking Ram, we have bought this ~~costly~~ space so we could tell you something important.

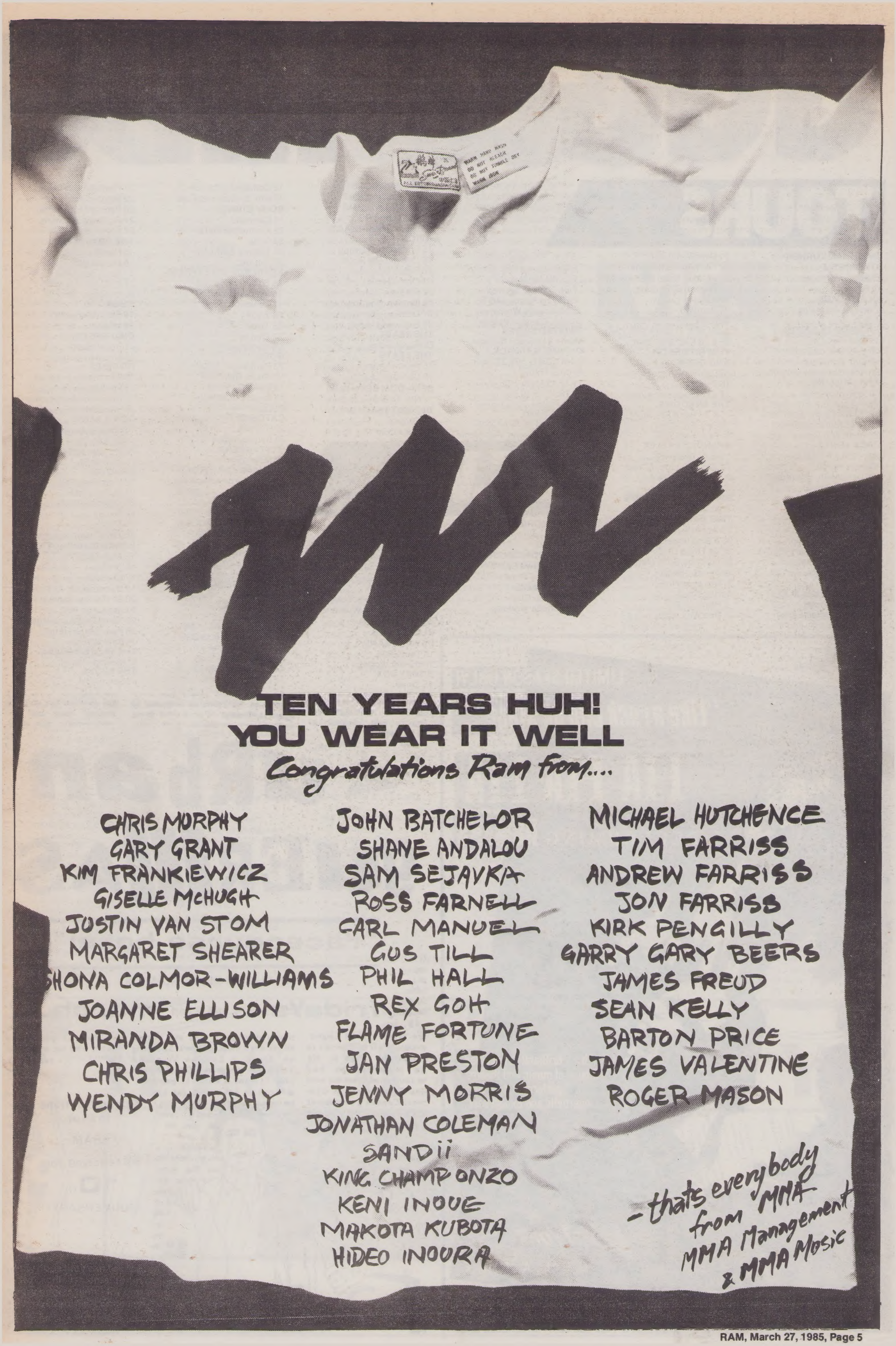
CONGRATULATIONS

on your 10th anniversary in the business. We have enjoyed associating with you and don't worry Ram, we will continue to pay out for another 10 years!

Till then

All the best

EMI Records



TEN YEARS HUH!
YOU WEAR IT WELL

Congratulations Ram from....

CHRIS MURPHY
GARY GRANT
KIM FRANKIEWICZ
GISELLE McHUGH
JUSTIN VAN STOM
MARGARET SHEARER
SHONA COLMOR-WILLIAMS
JOANNE ELLISON
MIRANDA BROWN
CHRIS PHILLIPS
WENDY MURPHY

JOHN BATCHELOR
SHANE ANDALOU
SAM SEJAVKA
ROSS FARNELL
CARL MANUEL
GUS TILL
PHIL HALL
REX GOH
FLAME FORTUNE
JAN PRESTON
JENNY MORRIS
JONATHAN COLEMAN
SANDii
KING CHAMPONZO
KENI INOUE
MAKOTA KUBOTA
HIDEO INOURA

MICHAEL HUTCHENCE
TIM FARRISS
ANDREW FARRISS
JON FARRISS
KIRK PENGILLY
GARRY GARY BEERS
JAMES FREUD
SEAN KELLY
BARTON PRICE
JAMES VALENTINE
ROGER MASON

- thats everybody from MMA MMA Management & MMA Mosic

GGGGIIIG

TOURS

BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE
Dates and Venues
T.B.A.
BLACK LACE
Dates And Venues
T.B.A.
RICHARD CLAPTON
15 Syd. Ent. Cent.
16 Syd. Ent. Cent.
18 Syd. Ent. Cent.
20 Bris. Chandler Veladrome
PHIL COLLINS
30 Bris. Fest. Hall
April 3 & 4 Syd. Ent. Cent.
12, 13 & 14 Melb. Ent. Cent.
18 Adel. Memorial Drive
20 Perth Ent. Cent.
JACK JONES
April 2,3,4,6,7,26,27
Sydney Hilton
11,12,13 Melb. Hilton
15,16,17,18,19,20,
Adelaide Hilton
NYLONS
15 The Club
16 The Club
SUZI QUATRO
15 Revesby Workers (Early)
15 Local Inn (Late)
16 Doyalson RSL
17 Panthers
19 Old Lion Hotel, S.A.
20 Old Lion Hotel
21 Fosters Hotel (Early)
21 Billboard (Late)
22 Ferntree Gully Hotel
23 Tarmac Hotel (Early)
23 Central Club (Late)
24 Ararat
25 Bendigo
QUEEN
April 16 & 17 Melb. Ent. Cent.
25 & 26 Syd. Ent. Cent.
TOM ROBINSON AND CREW
15 Balmain Leagues
16 Selinas
17 Nookenburrah Hotel
THE SHADOWS
15 & 16 Perth Ent. Cent.
19 Syd. Ent. Cent.
21 Bris. Fest. Hall
SPANDAU BALLET
19 Bris. Fest. Hall
23 Adel. Memorial Drive
27 Perth Ent. Cent.
31 Melb. Ent. Cent
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Sold Out
TIME BANDITS 16 &17 Le Rox
18-24 Perth
26 & 27 Billboard
28 La Trobe Uni.
29 Ferntree Gully Hotel
30 Tarmac Hotel
31 Mentone Hotel
April 2 Tivoli
3 Hornsby RSL
4 Dee Why Hotel
5 Frat. Bowling
6 Bankstown RSL (Early)
6 Local Inn (Late)
7 St. George Sailing
8 Royals Rugby (ACT)
10 Newcastle Workers
11 Bris. Caesars Palace
TWISTED SISTER
March 8 Hordern Pavilion
DIONNE WARWICK
April 2,3,4,6,7,26,27,
Sydney Hilton
11,12,13,Melb. Hilton
15,16,17,18,19,20,
Adel. Hilton
NEIL YOUNG
15,16,18, Syd. Ent. Cent.
20 Bris. Chandler Velodrome

N.S.W.

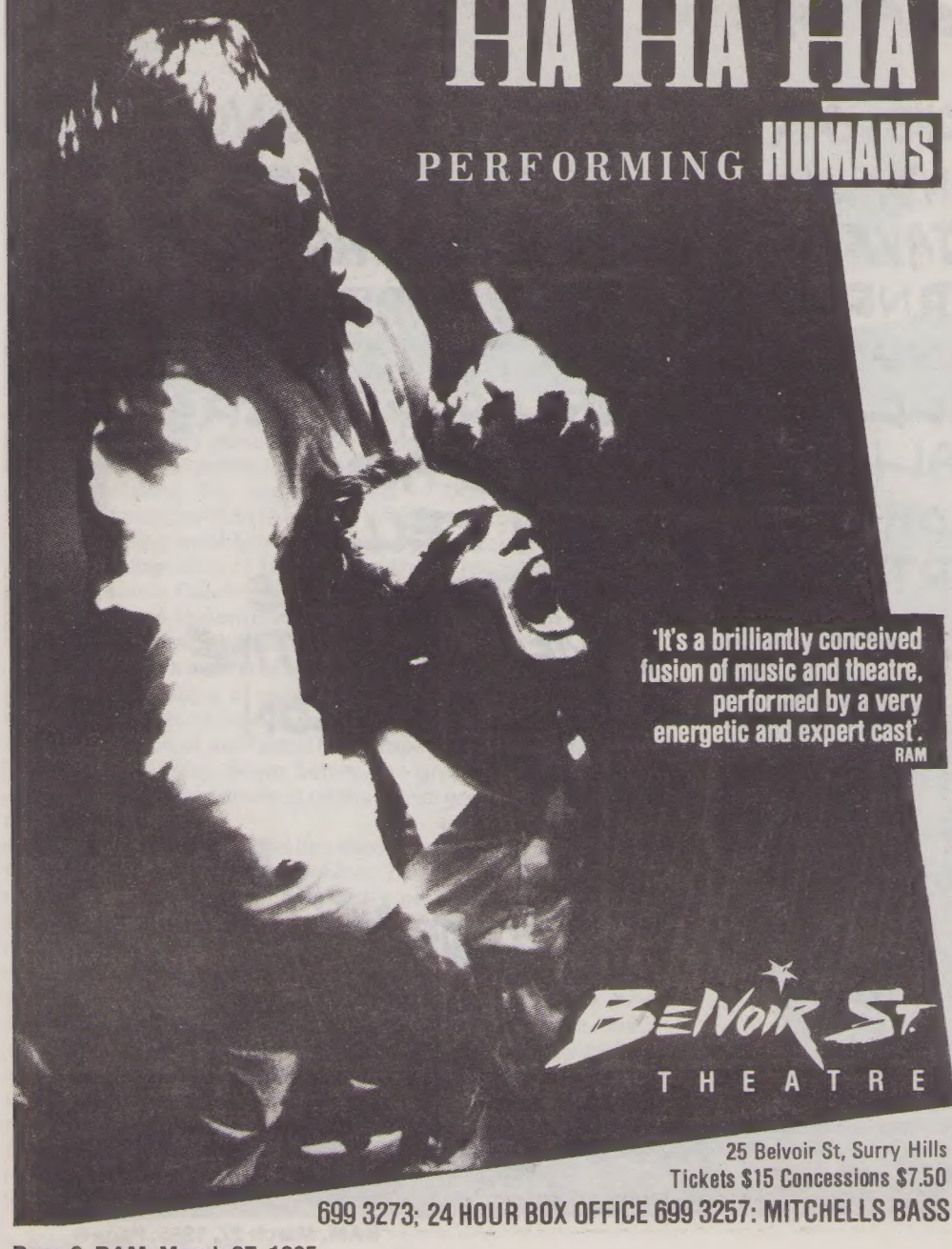
ACCESSORIES
16 Campbelltown RSL
AMAZING WOOLLOOMOOLOOSERS
15 Bankstown Sports
16 Dee Why Hotel
19 Sweethearts
20 Hip Hop Club
22 Cronulla Workers
ARMS AND LEGS
15 Piccadilly Hotel
AUSTEN TAYSHUS
15 Mittagong RSL
16 Canb. Theatre (ACT)
AVION
15 Fraternity Bowling
16 Chester Hill Hotel
20 Dapto Leagues
21 Orana Hotel
22 Hills Inn Hotel
23 Drummoyne Rowing
27 Didis
28 Eastwood Hotel
THE BEAST
22 Royal Hotel
THE BEATS
15 Wentworthville Leagues
16 Corrimal Leagues
BER—DUM BER—DUM
17 Nth. Sydney Leagues
BIG RED TRACTOR
22 Palais
26 Local Inn
BIRDS OF PREY
15 Tinas
THE BLEACH BOYS
15 Springwood RSL
16 Bankstown RSL
17 West. Sub. Leagues
21 Sheilas
22 Wentworthville Leagues
23 Shellharbour Workers
24 Caringbah Inn
BLUES BROS. REVIVAL BAND
15 Taree RSL
16 Cardiff Workers
BOBBY SOX
15 Tinas
16 Collector's Tav.
17 Nth. Sydney Leagues
BODY CURVE
15 Carmens
22 Kincumber Hotel
23 Didis
27 Telford, Bathurst
28 Telford
KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS
15 Toronto Bowling
16 Pelican Bowling
17 Tenambit Hotel
25 Tivoli
26 Tivoli
27 Sheilas
28 Sweethearts
BOSS
23 Bankstown RSL
CYRIL B. BUNTER
15 Dee Why Hotel
16 Sussex Inlet RSL
21 Local Inn
CATCH 22
22 Riverina Rules
24 Ainslie Rugby (ACT)
BYSTANDERS
19 New York Tav.
RICHARD CLAPTON
17 Shellharbour Workers
CLICHE
22 Rooty Hill RSL
27 Drummoyne Rowing
COCKROACHES
15 Bankstown Sports
20 Hornsby RSL
22 Cronulla Workers
COMPANY BRED
21 Manzil
COWBOYS AND COMICS
18 Sheilas
19 Floyds (ACT)
20 Chevron
21 Cabbage Tree Hotel
22 Bankstown Sports
23 Caringbah Inn
24 Panthers
CREAJ
17 Richmond Inn
21 Feathers
22 Beattie St
23 Pennant Hills Hotel
24 Collingwood Hotel
28 Ermington Hotel
THE CRYSTAL SET
15 Hip Hop Club
16 Harold Park Hotel
17 Strawberry Hill
21 ANU (ACT)
22 Chevron
CUCKOOS
19 Strawberry Hill
23 Manzil
DIED PRETTY
21 Royal Hotel
23 Mosman Hotel
DIVINYLS
16 Parramatta Leagues
17 Parramatta Leagues
27 Cessnock Supporters
28 Newcastle Workers
DON'T PANIC
15 Menzies Hotel
19 Beattie St.
22 Menzies Hotel
26 Beattie St.
DRAGON
22 Mittagong RSL
23 Tathra Hotel
24 Campbelltown Leagues
25 Tivoli
26 Tivoli
28 Twin Town Services
DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS
15 ANU (ACT)
16 Chevron
17 Chevron
19 Sweethearts
20 St. George Sailing
21 Ingleburn RSL
22 Taree Exchange Hotel
23 Park Beach Hotel
24 Ballina RSL
THE EASTERN DARK
17 Mosman Hotel
THE EDDYS
15 Shanneys

LIMITED SEASON ONLY!

"Like a rock clip on stage..."

HA HA HA

PERFORMING HUMANS



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DOWN THE TUBE with TIM McGEE

(Illustration: Chris Stafford)

V - The Day After
Mike Walsh's Second Coming!

THERE was a discernible air of foreboding on the night chosen by NINE to launch the all-new(?) *Mike Walsh Show*. TEN had plumped for a competitive feast of gloom, doom and apocalypse, mating the reptilian *V* with the shaky Big Bang telemovie, *The Day After*. The air was alive with fallout and the screams of extra-terrestrials as Mike Walsh bestrode his night-time stage for the first time — hairpiece expertly gummed down, teeth all polished and accounted for, a spritely vision of mature-age tedium. But let's not get all nostalgic... after all, nuclear missiles had just about destroyed the world as we knew it on TEN!

Leaving aside the appalling *V — The Fly Poster Series*, TEN still had the goods to divert a sizeable chunk of real estate from the reborn Mike Walsh. *The Day After*, which blew apart the screens and minds of America over a year ago, had been held back by TEN till after the elections, the MX Missile debacle and the World Series Cricket. Really nothing more than a clump of alarming/alarmist sci-fi nuts and bolts, *The Day After* congeals *Dr Strangelove, The Omega Man, Night Of The Living Dead* and *General Hospital* into a single festering — yet strangely wholesome — globule. It's pre-and post-apocalypse Soap Opera — *The Love Boat* enacted before and after on the bows of the General Belgrano! Hot stuff!

Naturally enough, in the US its effect was reportedly akin to a seismic jolt the size of Pearl Harbour. Community relief groups were formed in anticipation of The Day After *The Day After*, when apparently guilt and horror would consume the American conscience and reduce seemingly happy families to shattered, burnt-out zombies. Which is, funnily enough, just what happened to the family in *The Day After*. Their lives — so ordinary, ordered and worthy —turned to radioactive dust at the drop of a missile (or two).

If there really was any message at all amid the histrionics and schlock-horror desolation of *The Day After*, it was just how easily it could happen. The radio and TV reports which peppered the action of 'The Day Before' were unnervingly realistic, if a little literal. One expected the hideously preserved visage of Ronald Reagan to appear at any time, brimming with false hope and the calm bravado that can only come from within the safety of a concrete box miles beneath Disney Mountain. But at the last moment, *The Day After* hedged its bets and withdrew from any real commitment, concentrating on a ghostly fallout shelter scenario rather than the machinations of nationalism, fear and human weakness that had precipitated it.

Mike Walsh's return to the land of the living, on the other hand, was marked by a kind of necrophiliac calm — as limp as a battery eel and as dreary as a holiday with John Howard. It flapped about, losing momentum with every turn, treading water with the sort of grim determination usually reserved for early morning learn-to-swim classes. By the end of the evening, the verdict was clear; the new... well, not so new, in fact the old and very worn-out *Mike Walsh Show* in adultland, was set to sink to the bottom of the pool very, very fast.

But knowing Mike Walsh's capacity for survival, I'd be surprised if he didn't eventually get his whole cast gurgling into life and furiously flapping their water wings. Sure, the format looks cramped and claustrophobic in its early days, but a betting man may well settle for an each-way flutter at this stage. Accompanying Mike in his bid for glory (or watery doom) are the usual crew of misplaced, semi-useless limpets, grimly clinging to the underside of an archaic show format that seems to be their last chance at the Big (*gulp*) Time. Yes, the execrable Jeannie Little was on hand in sequins, sparkles and broken ribs, pancake makeup unable to adequately disguise her almost total pointlessness. And John Michael Howson ('Clown', to those of *Adventure Island* vintage) squealed his usual little squeal, keen to prove that he really is closer to the pensioner version of Molly Meldrum than the porcine model of Liberace... but it's a toss-up.

By far the most engrossing of the first-week guests, however, were Alby Mangels and Judy Green, who outshone La Stupenda and Lee Remick effortlessly. Alby, as no doubt you are aware, assembled a brave band of adventurers who seem to have been drawn largely from the lingerie modelling world, inflated a blow-up bull terrier called Sam, and set off to find fame and excitement, and most of all, fortune on the byways of the undiscovered world. Now a veteran of three months' saturation television advertising ("coming soon to a Scouts' Hall near you"), Alby is apparently something of a celebrity. In other words, he now gets invited to all the right people's wild water-rafting expeditions.

On *Mike Walsh*, he exuded the laid-back charm of a slightly tatty possum, albeit a very rich possum. Mike joked and panted and could barely keep his hands off the ex-*Sale Of The Century* property that sat in front of him. To her credit, Judy Green showed something far closer to spark and charisma than Alby could even imagine.

Ho hum... *Mike Walsh Tonight* — or was it *Tonight With Mike Walsh*, or *Mike Walsh After Dark*? — seems pretty tame in comparison to Alby and his floating harem, but that's life. There must be quite a handful of NINE-execs fingerbiting in the hope that Mike really has hit on a *World Safari* formula — that twice a week those night-time ratings, so elusive in the jittery post-*Possession* NINE copybook, will suddenly take a mighty leap skyward. I know if I was them, I'd be backing Mike Walsh against Lizards From Another Planet — but I don't think they're out of the bushes yet.

TIM McGEE

KAM SHA

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THE 1984 RAM ROCK POLL RESULTS

ENZ With A Landslide

MORE THAN any other year, the 1984 Readers' Poll Results prove that it's more a case of WHO YOU MISS that counts, rather than WHO HAD THE HITS.

Though it's true SPLIT ENZ have long figured heavily in the hearts and minds of RAM voters, last year's breakup seems to have precipitated an even bigger sentimental response than Chisel's did in '83. Not that Barnes & Co. have exactly disappeared from the collective memory... Their swansong single, *Flame Trees* managed a tie with INXS's *Burn For You* to score third in the Australian Best Single category, whilst *East* is still up there among the All-Time Fave Albums. And that Ian Moss is *still* regarded among the best guitarists in the country speaks for itself — despite the fact that he hasn't been in public profile since Chisel called it a day.

Just as the Enz cleaned up locally, U2 swept most international categories — a legacy of one of the most fervently appreciated concert tours in recent memory. Though they'd been and gone by the end of September, *The Unforgettable Fire* lived up to its title for months to come.

INXS, MODELS and MIDNIGHT OIL maintained a predictable stranglehold elsewhere on the local front, with ELECTRIC PANDAS running out the surprise winners in the New Talent category. Internationally, the fall from grace of such '83 monuments as DURAN DURAN and CULTURE CLUB reflected an encouraging worldwide shift in public taste: away from the ephemeral concept of Pop Icons into an area where diversity and musical eclecticism override Image as key reference points.

Among the new categories, few surprises — though one of them has to be UNCANNY X-MEN winning the Best Australian Mini LP/EP title, which serves to verify the massive extent of their live following more than anything else. The closest fought title was for Rock Writer Of The Year, with former RAM Editor GREG TAYLOR edging out the prolific STUART COUPE by just one vote — mainly on the strength of his superlative retrospective on Split Enz, a highpoint of the Christmas issue.

To all of you who voted — not only this time, but over the last decade — thanks for taking the time to let us know how you feel. After all, it's *your* paper as much as ours. And if there's one award we've left out, it's for Counting Beyond The Cross-Eyed Barrier - Price-Waterhouse personified, Ms SANDIE KIELY, this has been your life... for the last coupla months, at least.

The Vinyl Party Ticket

TOP 3 ALBUMS

THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE (U2)
See Ya Round (Split Enz)
Red Sails In The Sunset (Midnight Oil)
*(War — U2)**

TOP 3 SINGLES

PRIDE (U2)
I Walk Away (Split Enz)
Big On Love (Models)
(I Hear Motion — Models)

BEST AUSTRALIAN ALBUM

SEE YA ROUND (SPLIT ENZ)
Red Sails In The Sunset (Midnight Oil)
The Swing (INXS)
(Pleasure Of Your Company — Models)

BEST AUSTRALIAN SINGLE

I WALK AWAY (SPLIT ENZ)
Big On Love (Models)
(Burn For You (INXS) TIE
(Flame Trees (Cold Chisel)
(I Hear Motion — Models)

BEST AUSTRALIAN MINI LP/EP

BEACH PARTY (UNCANNY X-MEN)
Persia (The Church)
Raining Pleasure (The Triffids)

BEST 12-INCH SINGLE

BIG ON LOVE (MODELS)
Burn For You (INXS)
Two Tribes (Frankie Goes To Hollywood)

ALL-TIME FAVE ALBUMS

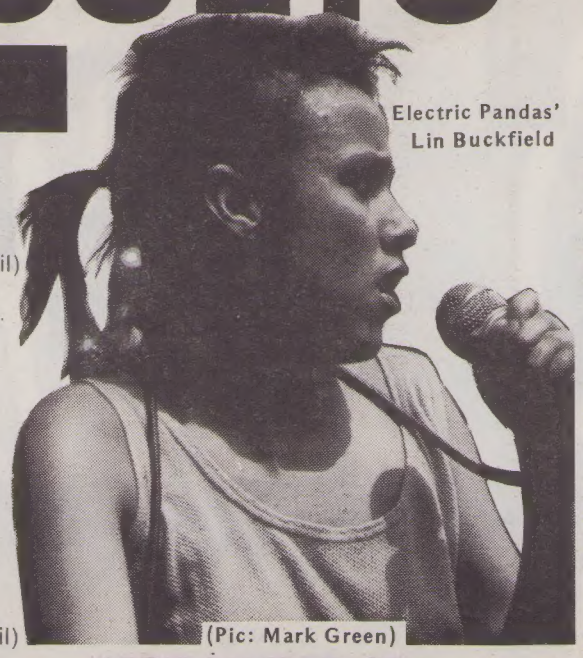
TRUE COLOURS (SPLIT ENZ)
Time & Tide (Split Enz)
East (Cold Chisel)
(East — Cold Chisel)

ALL-TIME FAVE SINGLES

I GOT YOU (SPLIT ENZ)
I See Red (Split Enz)
Gloria (U2)

MOST OVERRATED RECORD OF THE YEAR

PURPLE RAIN (PRINCE)
Ghostbusters (Ray Parker Jnr)
Wild Boys (Duran Duran)



Electric Pandas' Lin Buckfield (Pic: Mark Green)

BEST GUITARIST

NEIL FINN
Ian Moss
Tim Farriss
(Ian Moss)

BEST KEYBOARDIST

EDDIE RAYNER
Andrew Duffield
Andrew Farriss
(Andrew Duffield)

BEST DRUMMER

ROB HIRST
Paul Hester
Jon Farriss
(Rob Hirst)

BEST BASS PLAYER

NIGEL GRIGGS
James Freud
Gary Gary Beers
(James Freud)

BEST HORN PLAYER

JOE CAMILLERI
Kirk Pengilly
James Valentine
(Joe Camilleri)

BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST

NOEL CROMBIE (PERCUSSION)
Charlie McMahon (Didgeridoo)
Robert McComb (Violin)
(Noel Crombie)

BEST PRODUCER/ ENGINEER

NICK LAUNAY
Mark Opitz
Ricky Fataar/Mark Moffatt
(Mark Opitz)

BEST SONGWRITER

TIM FINN/NEIL FINN
Jim Moginie/Rob Hirst/Peter Garrett
Steve Kilbey
(Tim Finn)

BEST NEW GROUP/ SOLO ACT

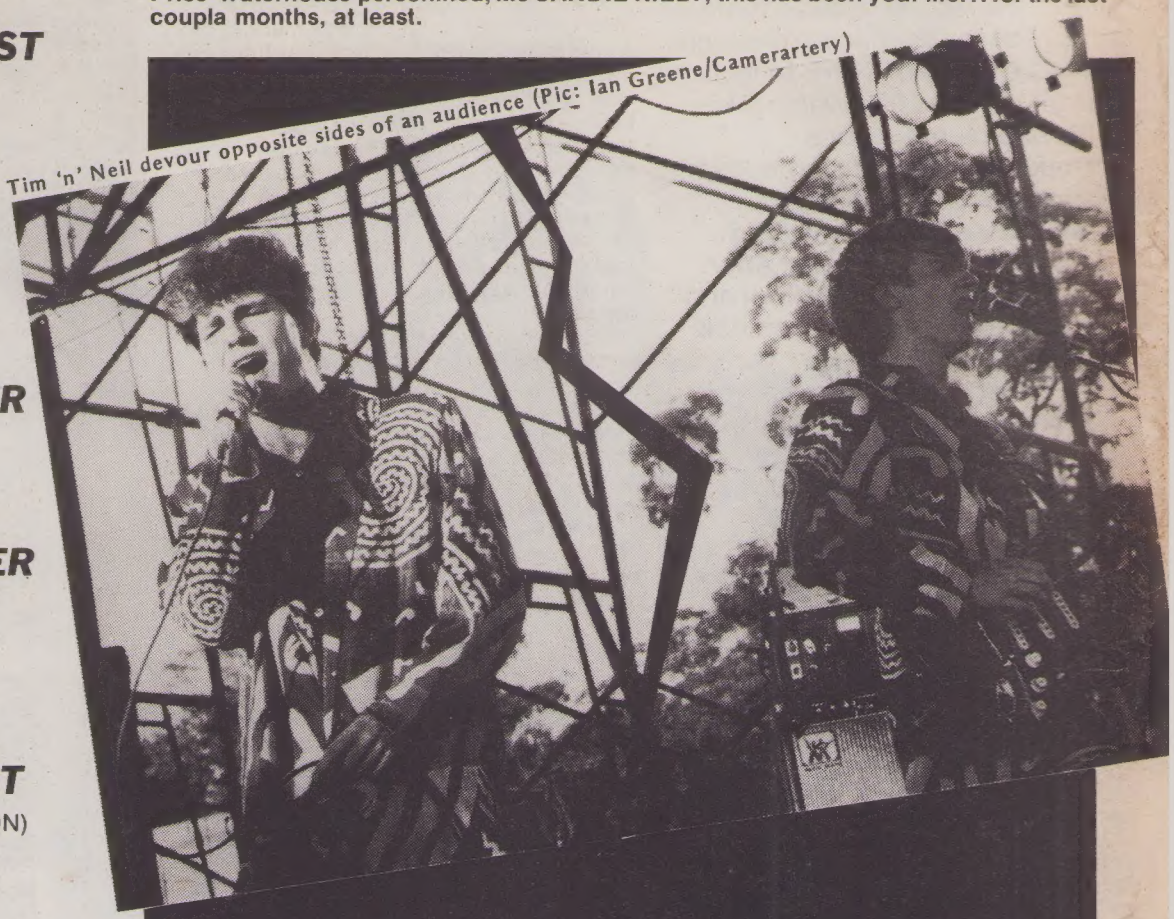
ELECTRIC PANDAS
I'm Talking
Hoodoo Gurus
(Kids In The Kitchen)

BEST VIDEO CLIP MAKER(s)

RUSSELL MULCAHY
Richard Lowenstein
Kimble Rendall
(Russell Mulcahy)

SPLIT OF THE YEAR

SPLIT ENZ
Sunnyboys
Allniters



Tim 'n' Neil devour opposite sides of an audience (Pic: Ian Greene/Camerartery)

U2 Clean Up (Pic: LFI)

The Local Talent Ticket

TOP 3 AUST/NZ GROUPS

INXS
Split Enz
Midnight Oil
(INXS)

BEST FEMALE SINGER

CHRISSIE AMPHLETT
Sharon O'Neill
Grace Knight
(Sharon O'Neill)

BEST MALE SINGER

TIM FINN
Michael Hutchence
Peter Garrett
(Jim Barnes)

The International Talent Ticket

TOP 3 GROUPS
U2
Style Council
Big Country
(U2)

TOP INTERNATIONAL TOURISTS
U2
The Cure
The Police
(David Bowie)

WORST INTERNATIONAL TOURISTS
CULTURE CLUB
Marilyn
Divine
(Duran Duran)

BEST FEMALE SINGER
ANNIE LENNOX
Madonna
Cyndi Lauper
(Annie Lennox)

BEST MALE SINGER
BONO VOX
Robert Smith
Billy Idol
(David Bowie)

BEST GUITARIST
THE EDGE
Stevie Ray Vaughan
Mark Knopfler
(Mark Knopfler)

BEST KEYBOARDIST
THE EDGE
Mick Talbot
Howard Jones
(Nick Rhodes)

BEST DRUMMER
LARRY MULLEN
Phil Collins
Stewart Copeland
(Stewart Copeland)

BEST BASS PLAYER
ADAM CLAYTON
Sting
Derek Forbes
(John Taylor)

BEST HORN PLAYER
CLARENCE CLEMONS
Andy Hamilton
Steve Norman
(Andy Hamilton)

BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST
IAN ANDERSON (Flute)
Sheila E. (Percussion)
Thomas Dolby (Computer Effects)
(Simon Le Bon — Tambourine)

BEST PRODUCER/ ENGINEER
BRIAN ENO/DANIEL LANOIS
Nile Rodgers
Trevor Horn
(Nick Launay)

BEST SONGWRITER
U2
Bruce Springsteen
Paul Weller
(David Bowie)

BEST NEW GROUP/ SOLO ACT
FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
Sade
Bronski Beat
(Big Country)

BEST VIDEO CLIP MAKER(s)
GODLEY & CREME
Russell Mulcahy
Zang Tuum Tumb
(Russell Mulcahy)

REFORMATION OF THE YEAR
DEEP PURPLE
Tina Turner
Yes

The Totally Informal Ticket

EVENT OF THE YEAR
U2 TOUR
Enz With A Bang
Garrett's Bid For The Senate
(Bowie Tour)

RIPOFF OF THE YEAR
CULTURE CLUB TOUR
Record Prices
Jacksons' Tour
(Bowie)

OUTRAGEOUSLY OVER-THE-TOP PERSONALITY OF THE YEAR
DIVINE
Rodney Rude
Billy Idol
(Boy George)

OK PERSON OF THE YEAR
PETER GARRETT
Bono Vox
Neil Finn

RECORD SLEEVE OF THE YEAR
RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET
The Unforgettable Fire
Stoneage Romeos
(Seven & The Ragged Tiger)

POSTER OF THE YEAR
ENZ WITH A BANG
The Last Stand
U2 On Tour
(Duran Duran Tour)

FASHION OF THE YEAR
TUBE SKIRTS
Genderbending
'Choose Life' T-Shirts
(The 'Boy George Look')

RADIO/TV JOCK OF THE YEAR
Jonno & Danno (NSW)
Doug Mulray (NSW)
Andrew Peters (SA)
Basia Bonkowski (NSW & VIC)
Bohdan (VIC)
Tony Biggs (QLD)
Gary Shannon (WA)
Billy Baxter (VIC)

BEST VIDEO CLIPS OF THE YEAR
PRIDE (U2)
Two Tribes (Frankie)
We're Not Gonna Take It (Twisted Sister)
(Thriller)

WORST VIDEO CLIP OF THE YEAR
WILD BOYS (DURAN DURAN)
War Song (Culture Club)
Careless Whisper (George Michael)
(Union Of The Snake — Duran Duran)

VIDEO CLICHE OF THE YEAR
BREAKDANCING
Anything by Russell Mulcahy
Bodypainting/Modern Dance

HYPE OF THE YEAR
CULTURE CLUB
Wham!
Ghostbusters
(Duran Duran)

ROCK WRITER OF THE YEAR
GREG TAYLOR
Stuart Coupe
Glenn A. Baker

ROCK PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR
BOB KING
Tom Takacs
Ian Greene

*** Where applicable, last year's winners in *italics*.**

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PolyGram

THE 1984 RAM ROCK POLL

CRITICS' CHOICE

VIRGINIA MONCRIEFF

The Vinyl Party Ticket

TOP 3 ALBUMS OF 1984 (Vote for 3) HER TO ETERNITY - N. CAVE
A DANCING FOOT - SCATTERED ORDER
THIRSTY'S CALLING - MOODISTS

TOP 3 SINGLES OF 1984 (Vote for 3)
FREE NELSON MANDELA - SPECIAL AKA
JUMP - VAN HALEN
STRIKE - ENEMY WITHIN

BEST AUSTRALIAN ALBUM
SEE ABOVE

BEST AUSTRALIAN SINGLE
RUNAWAY - THE MOODISTS

BEST AUSTRALIAN MINI-LP/EP
RAINING PLEASURE - TRIFFIDS

BEST 12-INCH SINGLE
LOVE WARS - WOMACK & WOMACK

ALL-TIME FAVE ALBUMS (Vote for 3)
ANDY WARHOL - VELVET UNDERGROUND
RED MECCA - CABARET VOLTAIRE
TROUT MASK REPLICA - CAPT. BEEFHEART

ALL-TIME FAVE SINGLES (Vote for 3)
SECOND LANGUAGE - TACTICS
SECONDS TOO LATE - CABS
REVOLUTION - BEATLES

MOST OVERRATED RECORD OF THE YEAR
ALL FRANKIE RECORDS

The Local Talent Ticket

TOP 3 AUST/NZ groups (Vote for 3)
SCATTERED ORDER
SEVERED HEADS
THE MOODISTS

BEST FEMALE SINGER
[illegible]

BEST MALE SINGER
NICK CAVE

BEST GUITARIST
STEVE MILLER - MOODISTS

BEST KEYBOARDIST
DAVID BIRDIE

BEST DRUMMER
JEFFREY WEGENER
CATHY GREEN - X

BEST BASS PLAYER
CRAIG BOTTLE

BEST HORN PLAYER
LOUISE ELLIOT

BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST (flute, kazoo, harp etc)
TOM ELLARD

BEST PRODUCER/ENGINEER
TIM WHITTON

BEST SONGWRITER (Vote for 3)
CAVE/HOWARD/HARVEY
DAVID MCCOMB
MITCH/DRU JONES

BEST NEW GROUP/SOLO ACT
LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS

BEST VIDEO CLIP MAKER(s)
BANDS WHO DO THEIR OWN

SPLIT OF THE YEAR

The International Talent Ticket

TOP 3 GROUPS (Vote for 3)
CABARET VOLTAIRE
THE FALL
STAPLE SINGERS

TOP INTERNATIONAL TOURISTS (3)

WORST INTERNATIONAL TOURIST

BEST FEMALE SINGER
ELIZABETH FRAZER

BEST MALE SINGER
BOBBY WOMACK

BEST GUITARIST
JOHNNY MARR

BEST KEYBOARDIST
JOHN CALE

BEST DRUMMER

BEST BASS PLAYER
MARVIN ISLEY

BEST HORN PLAYER
MILES DAVIS

BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST
BOYD RICE

BEST PRODUCER/ENGINEER
JOHN LYONGO

BEST SONGWRITER (3)
JERRY DAMMERS
...
MARK E. SMITH

BEST NEW GROUP/SOLO ACT
LLOYD COLE

BEST VIDEO CLIP MAKER
BANDS WHO DO THEIR OWN

REFORMATION OF THE YEAR

The Totally Informal Ticket

EVENT OF THE YEAR
MINER'S STRIKE

RIPOFF OF THE YEAR
BOB HAWKE

OUTRAGEOUSLY OVER-THE-TOP PERSONALITY OF THE YEAR

OK PERSON OF THE YEAR
ANDREW

ALBUM COVER OF THE YEAR (can include singles sleeves etc)
ANY SMITHS' COVER

POSTER OF THE YEAR
"HOLE" - FEELIES

FASHION OF THE YEAR
EVERYTHING "HOT"

TV JOCK OF THE YEAR (vote for one in your state)
SUZANNE DOWLING

BEST VIDEO CLIPS OF THE YEAR (3)
SENSORIA - CABARET VOLTAIRE
SEVERED HEADS
ALL TRIFFIDS CLIPS

WORST VIDEO CLIP OF THE YEAR
THIS CHARMING MAN - THE SMITHS

VIDEO CLICHE OF THE YEAR
DURAN DURAN (STILL!)

HYPE OF THE YEAR
ZTT

ROCK WRITER OF THE YEAR
THE BURRILL / BIBA KOAF

ROCK PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR
BLEDDYN BUTCHER

Do we know any better than you lot? Who cares? We couldn't resist filling out a coupon each, in any case...

PHIL STAFFORD

The Vinyl Party Ticket

TOP 3 ALBUMS OF 1984 (Vote for 3) LINDISFARNE SMITH - B.S. WALK ALWAYS
BLUE NILE - The Rooftops
BIG EXPRESS - XTC

TOP 3 SINGLES OF 1984 (Vote for 3)
TAKE - Colour Field
PRAY LIKE ARETHA F. - Smith
APOCALYPSE - Mentals

BEST AUSTRALIAN ALBUM
WORD OF MOUTH - MATT FINISH

BEST AUSTRALIAN SINGLE
SOME GET LUCKY - THE SCREAM

BEST AUSTRALIAN MINI-LP/EP
PERSIA - The CHURCH

BEST 12-INCH SINGLE
SLEEPLESS - KING CRIMSON

ALL-TIME FAVE ALBUMS (Vote for 3)
LITTLE FEAT
LAST RECORD ALBUM?
BEAT - KING CRIMSON
GREEN RIVER - CCR

ALL-TIME FAVE SINGLES (Vote for 3)
SOUL DEEP - BOX TOPS
HEARTBEAT - KING CRIMSON
PECULIAR HOLE IN THE SKY - EASYBEATS

MOST OVERRATED RECORD OF THE YEAR
PURPLE RAIN

The Local Talent Ticket

TOP 3 AUST/NZ groups (Vote for 3)
HUNTERS + COLLECTORS
1 to 999 GURUS
TRIFFIDS

BEST FEMALE SINGER
DEBORAH CONWAY

BEST MALE SINGER
IAN MOSS / BRO SMITH

BEST GUITARIST
MARTIN RATSEN

BEST KEYBOARDIST
PETER CROSBIE

BEST DRUMMER
JOHN PRIOR

BEST BASS PLAYER
JOE CREIGHTON

BEST HORN PLAYER
ANDREW ROSS

BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST (flute, kazoo, harp etc)
CONTINENTAL ROBERT SHEZ

BEST PRODUCER/ENGINEER
SPENCER LEE

BEST SONGWRITER (Vote for 3)
PAUL KELLY
JOHANNA PIGOTT
DAVID MCCOMB

BEST NEW GROUP/SOLO ACT
GANG GAJANG

BEST VIDEO CLIP MAKER(s)
Meaningful Eye Contact

SPLIT OF THE YEAR
RAM / Syme Media

The International Talent Ticket

TOP 3 GROUPS (Vote for 3)
XTC
BLUE NILE
KING CRIMSON

TOP INTERNATIONAL TOURISTS (3)
TALKING HEADS
NICK LOWE
THE FIXX

WORST INTERNATIONAL TOURIST
HANSI FANTANSEE

BEST FEMALE SINGER
ELLA FITZGERALD

BEST MALE SINGER
ANDY PARTRIDGE

BEST GUITARIST
ADRIAN BELEW

BEST KEYBOARDIST
JERRY HARRISON

BEST DRUMMER
RISHE HAYWARD

BEST BASS PLAYER
TONY LEVIN

BEST HORN PLAYER
MILES (who else?)

BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST
LAURIE ANDERSON

BEST PRODUCER/ENGINEER
RHETT DAVIES

BEST SONGWRITER (3)
FRIPP / BELEW
CY CURNIN
DAVID BYRNE

BEST NEW GROUP/SOLO ACT
BLUE NILE

BEST VIDEO CLIP MAKER
WILL POWERS

REFORMATION OF THE YEAR
WILLIAM BURROUGHS

The Totally Informal Ticket

EVENT OF THE YEAR
GARRETT'S PRIMARY VOTE

RIPOFF OF THE YEAR
THE LABOR PARTY

OUTRAGEOUSLY OVER-THE-TOP PERSONALITY OF THE YEAR
LOS TRIUS BONGARKUS

OK PERSON OF THE YEAR
BOB GELDOF

ALBUM COVER OF THE YEAR (can include singles sleeves etc)
THE FLAT EARTH (T. Dolby - import version)

POSTER OF THE YEAR
RED SAILS (Kimura)

FASHION OF THE YEAR
VIDEO MAGAZINES

RADIO/TV JOCK OF THE YEAR (vote for one in your state)
BASIA BONKOWSKI

BEST VIDEO CLIPS OF THE YEAR (3)
PARIS, TEXAS
HYPERACTIVE - T. Dolby
COLD SHOT - Stevie Ray

WORST VIDEO CLIP OF THE YEAR
CARELESS WHISPER - 1/2 a WHAM

VIDEO CLICHE OF THE YEAR
MAD MAX mutations

HYPE OF THE YEAR
SMASH HITS

ROCK WRITER OF THE YEAR
SAM SHEPARD

ROCK PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR
WIM WENDERS

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The Vinyl Party Ticket

TOP 3 ALBUMS OF 1984 (Vote for 3) POET II - BOBBY WOMACK
BORN IN THE USA
CENTREFIELD - FOGERTY

TOP 3 SINGLES OF 1984 (Vote for 3) HUSKER DU
EIGHT MILES HIGH
JUST BE GOOD - S.O.S BAND
WHAT DIFFERENCE - SMITHS

BEST AUSTRALIAN ALBUM
AXEMAN'S JAZZ

BEST AUSTRALIAN SINGLE
BACHELOR KISSES

BEST AUSTRALIAN MINI-LP/EP
LIME SPIDERS

BEST 12-INCH SINGLE
THERE'S DOZENS

ALL-TIME FAVE ALBUMS (Vote for 3)
BLONDE ON BLONDE
DARKNESS ON THE EDGE
HANK WILLIAMS GREATEST HITS.
ETC. ETC. ETC

ALL-TIME FAVE SINGLES (Vote for 3)
IT'S MY LIFE - ANIMALS
FRIDAY ON MY MIND
LONELY SURFER

MOST OVERRATED RECORD OF THE YEAR
MOST OF 'EM

The Local Talent Ticket

TOP 3 AUST/NZ groups (Vote for 3)
GO BETWEENS
TRIFFIDS
DO RE MI

BEST FEMALE SINGER
JULIE MOSTYN

BEST MALE SINGER
BRODERICK SMITH
STEPHEN CUMMINGS

BEST GUITARIST
SPENCER JONES (NUK! / NUK)

BEST KEYBOARDIST
WHO CARES?

BEST DRUMMER
ROB HIRST / JAMES BAKER

BEST BASS PLAYER
HELEN CARTER

BEST HORN PLAYER
JOE CAMILLERI

BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST (flute, kazoo, harp etc)
CHRIST KNOWS / LESTER BANGS

BEST PRODUCER/ENGINEER
PRODUCERS SUCK

BEST SONGWRITER (Vote for 3)
PAUL KELLY
MCLENNAN & FORSTER
(GO-BETWEENS)

BEST NEW GROUP/SOLO ACT
LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS
ROCKMELONS

BEST VIDEO CLIP MAKER(s)

SPLIT OF THE YEAR
JAMES BAKER / HOODOO GURUS

The International Talent Ticket

TOP 3 GROUPS (Vote for 3)
SPRINGSTEEN & E STREET
FLESHTONES
CRAMPS

TOP INTERNATIONAL TOURISTS (3)
U2
LIBERACE
SPRINGSTEEN (OS)

WORST INTERNATIONAL TOURIST
VILLAGE PEOPLE & CULTURE CLUB

BEST FEMALE SINGER
~~CHRISSIE HYNDE~~ CHRISSIE KERR

BEST MALE SINGER
B-B-B-B-BRUCE

BEST GUITARIST
NILS LOFGREN

BEST KEYBOARDIST
FEDERICI / BITTAN

BEST DRUMMER
MAX WEINBERG

BEST BASS PLAYER
GARY TALENT

BEST HORN PLAYER
CLARENCE

BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST
LOS LOBOS' ACCORDION PLAYER

BEST PRODUCER/ENGINEER
DAVE EDMUNDS

BEST SONGWRITER (3)
SPRINGSTEEN
DYLAN
COSTELLO

BEST NEW GROUP/SOLO ACT
SMITHS / LOYD COLE

BEST VIDEO CLIP MAKER
JOHN WHITTEON & TONY STEVENS

REFORMATION OF THE YEAR
BOB DYLAN / TINA TURNER

The Totally Informal Ticket

EVENT OF THE YEAR
MEETING CHAD MORGAN

RIPOFF OF THE YEAR
$2 TO MITCHELLS / BASS

OUTRAGEOUSLY OVER-THE-TOP PERSONALITY OF THE YEAR
JAMES BAKER

OK PERSON OF THE YEAR
ELVIS PRESLEY AT 50

ALBUM COVER OF THE YEAR (can include singles sleeves etc)
STONEAGE ROMEOS

POSTER OF THE YEAR
MY GIRL

FASHION OF THE YEAR
FRANKIE T SHIRTS

RADIO/TV JOCK OF THE YEAR (vote for one in your state)
KEN STERLING W.D. MURRAY

BEST VIDEO CLIPS OF THE YEAR (3)
DROP BEARS - PROUD
I WANT YOU BACK
BORN IN USA

WORST VIDEO CLIP OF THE YEAR
WHERE DO I START??

VIDEO CLICHE OF THE YEAR
RUSSEL MULCHAY.

HYPE OF THE YEAR
RAM PAY TO RISE

ROCK WRITER OF THE YEAR
ARE THERE OTHERS?

ROCK PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR
TOM TAKACS

YVANNI STUMBLES (ARTIST)

JON CASIMIR

The Vinyl Party Ticket

TOP 3 ALBUMS OF 1984 (Vote for 3) LONG GONE DEAD - RANK AND FILE
RATTLESNAKES - LLOYD COLE
OCEAN RAIN - ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

TOP 3 SINGLES OF 1984 (Vote for 3) HEART
DEADEYES OPENED - SEVERED HEADS
NELSON MANDELA - SPECIAL AKA
TAKE - COLOUR FIELD

BEST AUSTRALIAN ALBUM
MOVIN IN - STRANGE TENANTS

BEST AUSTRALIAN SINGLE
BACHELOR KISSES - GO BETWEENS

BEST AUSTRALIAN MINI-LP/EP
RAINING PLEASURE - TRIFFIDS

BEST 12-INCH SINGLE
MICHAEL CAINE - MADNESS

ALL-TIME FAVE ALBUMS (Vote for 3)
YOUNG SOUL REBELS - DEXYS
CLOSER - JOY DIVISION
ANYTHING BY THE BEAT AND MANY MANY MORE

ALL-TIME FAVE SINGLES (Vote for 3)
PUBLIC IMAGE - PIL
BIG A LITTLE A - CRASS
TEMPTATION - NEW ORDER

MOST OVERRATED RECORD OF THE YEAR
BORN IN THE USA

The Local Talent Ticket

TOP 3 AUST/NZ groups (Vote for 3)
GO-BETWEENS
STRANGE TENANTS
SEVERED HEADS

BEST FEMALE SINGER
KATE CEBERANO

BEST MALE SINGER
MARTIN PLAZA

BEST GUITARIST
REG MOMBASSA

BEST KEYBOARDIST
ANDREW DUFFIELD

BEST DRUMMER
NOEL CROMBIE

BEST BASS PLAYER
MARK FERRIE

BEST HORN PLAYER
JOEY CAMILLERI

BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST (flute, kazoo, harp etc)
JACK SORROWS' ACCORDIONIST

BEST PRODUCER/ENGINEER
MARK OPITZ

BEST SONGWRITER (Vote for 3)
NEIL FINN
IAN HEARN
GRANT MCLENNAN

BEST NEW GROUP/SOLO ACT
I.M. TALKING

BEST VIDEO CLIP MAKER(s)
THE GUY WHO DOES THE MENTALS CLIPS

SPLIT OF THE YEAR
SPLITENZ / ALL NITERS

The International Talent Ticket

TOP 3 GROUPS (Vote for 3)
AZTEC CAMERA
LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS

TOP INTERNATIONAL TOURISTS (3)
ELVIS COSTELLO
PUBLIC IMAGE LTD
OMD (I WAS TOLD TO SAY THIS)

WORST INTERNATIONAL TOURIST
MARILYN

BEST FEMALE SINGER
ALISON MOYET

BEST MALE SINGER
DAVE WAKELING / ELVIS COSTELLO

BEST GUITARIST
JOHNNY MARR

BEST KEYBOARDIST
JERRY DAMMERS

BEST DRUMMER
STEVE MORRIS

BEST BASS PLAYER
PETER HOOK

BEST HORN PLAYER
JIM PATERSON

BEST OTHER INSTRUMENTALIST
NORMAN HASSAN

BEST PRODUCER/ENGINEER
TREVOR HORN

BEST SONGWRITER (3)
MORRISSEY / MARR
KWMAN / KINMAN
KEVIN ROWLAND

BEST NEW GROUP/SOLO ACT
COLOUR FIELD

BEST VIDEO CLIP MAKER
I HATE THEM ALL

REUNION OF THE YEAR
INDIRA AND MAHATMA GANDHI

The Totally Informal Ticket

EVENT OF THE YEAR
MCDONALDS MASSACRE

RIPOFF OF THE YEAR
REAGAN BEING RE-ELECTED

OUTRAGEOUSLY OVER-THE-TOP PERSONALITY OF THE YEAR
ARTHUR SCARGILL

OK PERSON OF THE YEAR
CHAD MORGAN

ALBUM COVER OF THE YEAR (can include singles sleeves etc)
APOCALYPSO SINGLE

POSTER OF THE YEAR
PIL TOUR POSTER

FASHION OF THE YEAR
PAUL WELLER / ANOREXIA

RADIO/TV JOCK OF THE YEAR (vote for one in your state)
WHO ELSE BUT BASIA?

BEST VIDEO CLIPS OF THE YEAR (3)
THE NEEDERMEYER TRILOGY.
APOCALYPSO
TWO TRIBES

WORST VIDEO CLIP OF THE YEAR
HELLO - LIONEL RICHIE

VIDEO CLICHE OF THE YEAR
STREET DANCES / MADONNA'S NAVEL

HYPE OF THE YEAR
PRINCE

ROCK WRITER OF THE YEAR
PETE TOWNSHEND

ROCK PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR
TOM TAKACS

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debut single "The Murderess" out soon!

Huxton Creepers

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DETECTIVE RED
Roberts Frost

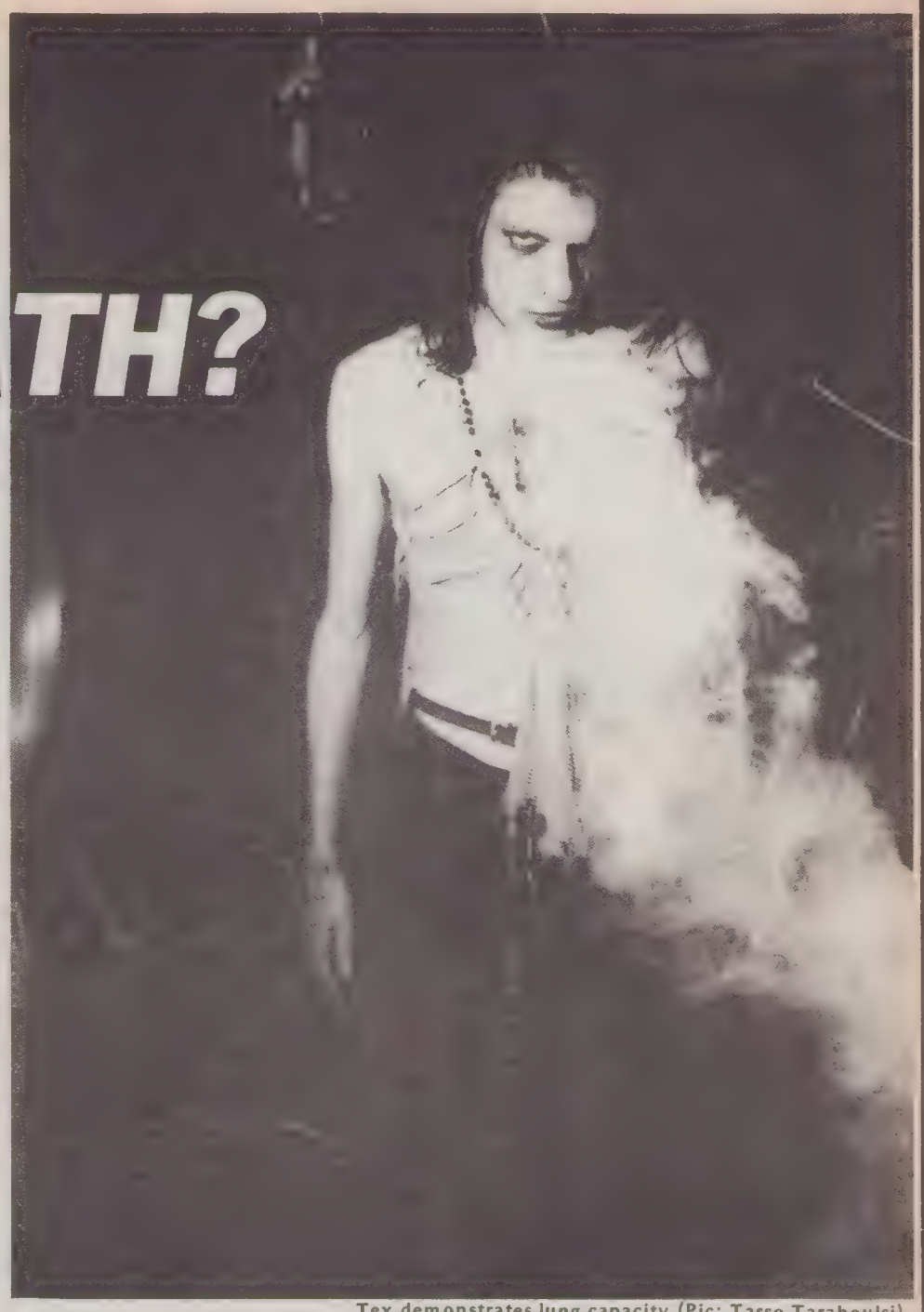
"Stoneage Romeos"
back in the national charts!
New Album out May

AND ALL THE STAFF
AT BIGTIME RECORDS

Bigtime

Having successfully drowned the Beasts Of Bourbon, what lies ahead for TEX (Greg) PERKINS? Will Salamander Jim slither onwards? Will Tex piss off to England and leave us in peace? ELOISE McANULTY baulks at the future and buries the past...

DONE TO DEATH?



Tex demonstrates lung capacity (Pic: Tasso Taraboulsi)

BACKSTAGE, and the Drambuie is flowing like plasma in a Corman movie. It's the Beasts Of Bourbon's last night, and the promoter is wearing a big smile — so he should, eleven hundred odd people at six bucks a head is plenty to get cheery about.

Showtime, folks! And the Beasts lurch on stage. You all know (knew?) the lineup — James Baker on drums, Spencer Jones and Stuart Grey on guitars, Graham Hood on bass. That gives you an ex-Guru, two Johnnys and a Salamander Jim. But the coup de grace is, to most, the riveting (albeit reluctant) presence of one gangling Tex Perkins — singer of sorts, and personality of many parts.

Off they go, charging through a piddly little PA with all the sweat, swagger and vigour of seasoned ranch hands. The material is a smattering from last year's successful *Axeman's Jazz* LP whipped around with a number of offbeat covers that still have that macabre semblance of 'normality' about them — a kind of aural Anthony Perkins?

The only on-stage patter is often-repeated requests for "More foldback, Peter" — apart from that there's the sneaking suspicion that Mr Perkins, for one, just wants to get it over and done with as soon as is (in) decently possible.

Mr Grey appears to be heading for the little boys' room as he disappears off stage mid-bracket. Confusion and consternation reign until Brett Meyers (Died Pretty) appears from side-stage to take over on guitar for one number. The Beasts shrug their shoulders — what the *heck*? And the show goes on.

It's the Beasts of Bourbon as one expects them to be — loud and slothlike, big and psychotic. Doesn't look as if there's going to be an encore though...

SYDNEY — live music mecca of Australia. All roads lead to the Chevron and the A&R guys are as thick as blowies, waiting to sign you up and force large wads of money into sweaty palms. Recognition for *real* talent is immediate, and the stages are paved with record contracts. No-one does their own lugs, the coke's free in the dressing room and you've a pick of six nubile *AND* intelligent groupies a night without having to fight off the roadcrew. Sigh...

Reality doesn't take long to settle in — the Darlinghurst dole office is full of misshapen dreams and shattered illusions. The only swarms of fast-spending A&R guys to be found are all lined up at Benny's, you'll lift more double four-ways up stairwells to guarantee a hernia belt at twenty than you thought possible, and you're lucky to get a discount on the beer that goes lukewarm in the curtained-off black hole they call 'backstage'.

Sydney is a fake 'em, break 'em town — and a head can only take so much battering when it runs up against the all-too familiar brick walls. Six months ago, Tex 'Forget-the-Deadly' Perkins faced life with a hard head. A head for something that would show the world — well, at least as far as inner Sydney — how it was done. Yessirree Bob, Salamander Jim were out to dislodge a brick or two...

Well, that was then and this is now, as the song says. Tex *is* about to launch himself into Something Potentially Big — only this time it's in England, and he's leaving Salamander Jim behind...

"I met Gun Club when they came over here — just talked to them for a while, but didn't strike up any great friendship. Then, twelve months later, they wrote a letter saying 'This band's breaking up and we want to start a new one with you.'

"I don't know exactly what songs or styles; I haven't heard anything yet, but I've got faith in them. They haven't done any crap so far — and they better not start now!"

It's four in the afternoon, and a suitably dishevelled Perkins is *still* rubbing the sleep from his eyes...

"Hopefully I'll be playing guitar with them and singing. I've played guitar here with the Snot Collection and bass with the Whorehounds, but this will be the first time I've played guitar seriously since I left Brisbane. In those days, I was doing a lot of ripping off of styles — I was a bit too young to realise it. What's really good now is that I don't know what I want, and I don't know what I'll do next."

One suspects his relationship with Kim Salmon (the Scientists' mentor and driving force) is intrinsic to such comments. Perkins met Salmon while he was still with Tex Deadly and the Dum-Dums, and their healthy mutual respect led to the formation of the first Salamander Jim lineup.

Originally intended as a fill-in project while he prepared to join the other Scientists over in England, Salamander Jim boasted Salmon on guitar and Richard Ploog (of the Church) on drums. When Ploog and Salmon left to rejoin their respective bands, Salamander Jim stabilised with Martin Bland on drums, Stuart Grey on guitar/bass and guitarist Lachlan McLeod. Initially, the band's material came from Salmon and Perkins, though in recent months most of the early material has been dropped. And Salamander Jim have opened their ranks to include... a sax player!

"It's great," enthuses Perkins over a breakfast beer. "It doesn't suit some of the old songs, but that doesn't matter because it's mainly new songs we're doing now. All of us write, so it's several different styles. Over the last six months, we've tried to throw off any possible thing that people could say was 'swamp'". This from the man who's had to wear labels like 'The Bubonic Beast' and 'The Wildman of Rock'.

"I suppose every band says it, but I just got the feeling that we were stood on a lot. I think we achieved quite a bit, but we just haven't got a record of it — we had no-one to help us. Seems there are all these people who could make money from Beasts Of Bourbon who think that Salamander Jim are just pathetic. They'd say — 'Why are you wasting time with Salamander Jim when you could be making all this money with Beasts Of Bourbon?' They just dismiss Salamander Jim under the carpet, seeing success in purely monetary terms."

And if you ever picked up the vibe that Perkins was never exactly happy to be part of a Beasts Of Bourbon gig, you were probably right.

"There's a lot more involved than just the fact I didn't like playing with the Beasts Of Bourbon. It was more that I was pissed off that the Beasts could get thousands of people and earn thousands of dollars as well, while Salamander Jim — who I think are an infinitely better band — have to play at real shitholes and be really, really lucky to make twenty dollars each at the end of the night."

THE Beasts Of Bourbon were committed to vinyl midway through last year, and *Axeman's Jazz* proved to be the highest selling indy album of 1984. There's a followup planned — the release of a 'live' LP...

"I've had nothing ever to do with that — it was someone else's idea. All I've said is what I wanted it to be called — (*Done To Death*) — and I really don't give a shit if it comes out."

Then why has he persisted with the occasional Beasts gig if he's so averse to the whole idea? That seems to be more a question of personal loyalty to one James Baker — he's even gone so far as to play on Baker's own independent release, a version of the Troggs' classic *Can't Control Myself*, a song all diehard Guru fans will remember fondly.

Which brings us to further tales of nightmare recording stints — this time the putting down of seven Salamander Jim tracks for their own vinyl opus, *Lorne Greene Shares His Precious Fluids*. Recorded in midnight-to-dawn sessions at Paradise Studios for "a million dollars", its release is going to have to wait until Salamander Jim scrape together the cash to make the final downpayment. The vagaries of poverty...

"Of the seven songs, most were recorded before we ever played them to a live audience. So it's not really the old Salamander Jim that people are going to hear — even the old songs we've kept, we do differently. I knew about this overseas thing when we recorded, so what we mainly wanted to do was put down a document... let people know we existed.

"It was said in a couple of interviews that we were elitist. That was true in some ways, because we don't have any affection for or influences from other bands — that's elitist, I suppose."

One thing for sure — Greg Perkins now is a different man to the aggressive, assertive and ebullient drunk I spoke to just half a year ago... Seems he's *more* so, though there's a world-weary air.

"Do I seem as cynical as last time? I remember saying that I had this really angry feeling, and I hope I never lose it. Well, it's just sort of changed. It's too much effort to get angry.

"We've done all we can. We've never prostituted ourselves, but then again we've never rejected anything (*pause*). Actually, we never even *had the chance* to prostitute ourselves. Like, I could stick to m'guns and I'd still be playing the Strawberry Hills (Hotel) when I was forty..."

And that would never do. And what of the rest of Salamander Jim? Well, looks like Stuart is off to England tout suite with the likelihood of Lachlan joining him in the not-so-distant future. Drummer Martin is off back to Adelaide, but he too plans a trip to England. Who knows, Salamander Jim could be reborn — this time on foreign and maybe more receptive soil.

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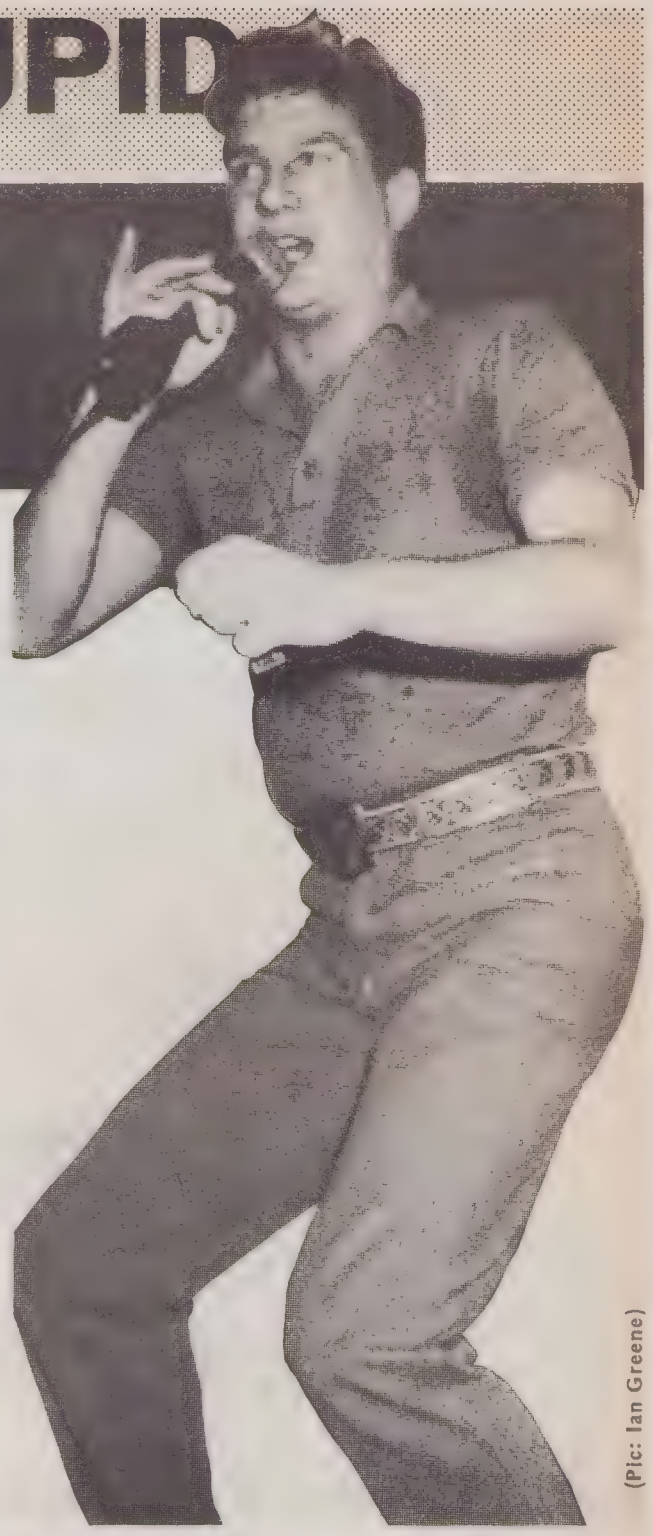
KEEP IT SIMPLE, STUPID

GREEDY SMITH surrenders to the baser instincts on behalf of the rest of MENTAL AS ANYTHING. But, does teetotalism make him play any better? And what are all these new songs about? Those dumb questions (and more) posed by JON CASIMIR...



(Pic: Ian Greene)

EVERYTHING is impermanent, said Gotama Buddha. The only thing certain is change. With that thought in mind, Mental As Anything are back —back to basics, that is.

"With *Fundamental*, we've made a more concerted effort to pick songs that are more lighthearted than the last record. *Creatures Of Leisure* was very eerie, weird and soft. We went through nightmares trying to play it. We *are* a pub band, and those songs didn't go over that well in pubs. You can't play a whole night of that — people start crying and drinking gin!"

Greedy Smith is an affable, likeable sort of chap. Even in a bit of a bleary mood, with the remnants of the night before still etched on his face, he jokes, laughs and keeps up entertaining conversation. He neither swears nor has a bad word for anyone. Mind you, he spends half the time surreptitiously trying to read my questions.

Over pancakes across the road from Bondi Beach, he's keen to talk about *Fundamental*, the first album from Mental As Anything for two years. No matter what I ask him, the conversation drifts back to the new product. He's very proud of it ("I played it to my mum and she thought it was just wonderful"), and is excited about the prospects of its success. Delaying the inevitable, I ask him what *else* the band has been doing.

"Well, basically waiting around. We went to America and toured for three months — firstly with Men At Work, and then on our own. We had a bit of a holiday, and then started looking for a new producer. We wanted a different style, someone from outside Australia, and we had a few setbacks in that area — people dropping out at the last minute, and having to postpone things. There was no point in endless touring because we didn't have a record to promote, so we went to all the places that we hadn't been to — like North Queensland, Darwin, Western Australia — but we basically just spent lots of time in Clive Shakespeare's basement doing demos for the album. We demoed about 35 new songs."

You were in the video for Stephen Cummings' *Another Kick In The Head*. What else have you all been doing separately?

"I did that 'cos I got a free feed. It was just an afternoon's fun.

"I think Martin wants to produce records. He did Fast Cars, and Peter produced a single for the Apartments. I can't do any of that stuff — I've got cloth ears.

"Reg has been doing a helluva lot of drawing over the last few months. I think he wants to have an exhibition of drawings — four to a page — he does them while we're going along in the car, and colours them in later. A few weeks ago we were travelling from Ocean Grove in Victoria to Adelaide, and he did 27 drawings!"

IRRELEVANT, BUT FUNNY 1

What's the decision-making process for the band?

"This is very tricky to explain (laughs). *It's a democracy governed by whether anyone in the band feels particularly strongly about anything. We don't usually disagree too much, but because we went to art school, everyone wants to maintain that horrible individualistic ratbag approach that I've been trying to lose for years. Art school does it to you — if anybody says something, you automatically want to disagree or do something different."*

FRUSTRATED by the ongoing saga of producer problems, the Mentals took two songs to Mark Opitz "just before he collapsed from overwork", with the plan of at least getting a single out before everyone forgot them. As it turned out, *Apocalypso* sounded better than *Wouldn't Try To Explain*, and became the A-side by default. To think that one of the best Australian singles for years *could* have been a B-side!

"We thought 'Wow, it's Christmas time. What a marketing idea! It's a Christmas song!'

"We don't really go in for politics, because it tends to grate with the way we are. I think it's Reg trying to tackle a social issue through the back door (*laughs*). It's a pretty funny song — it sounds like Jimmy Reed meets ZZ Top in Auckland."

While *Apocalypso* was gyrating up the charts, the 'break' finally came. The American record company had been hawking Mentals demos, looking for a suitable producer; then they found one in Richard Gottehrer.

"He started out in New York in the 60s with two other guys in a band called the Strangeloves — Niles, Miles, and Giles Stranglove.They used to wear zebra-skin waistcoats and say they came from Armstrong in Australia — they'd speak with these really cockney accents that they thought would pass for Australian.

"He liked the sound of the demos, and I think he liked the idea of coming to Australia in the summer and avoiding the American winter. We spoke to him on the phone, and he didn't sound *too* Californian, so..."

Apart from the requisite weirdness of the guy, what appealed most to the Mentals was the breadth of Gottehrer's experience. He had written *Sorrow* for David Bowie, *I Want Candy, My Boyfriend's Back* and *You're Gonna Be In Trouble* — among many others. He'd also produced Blondie, the Go-Go's, Robert Gordon, Doctor Feelgood and Richard Hell and the Voidoids.

"The American record company were a bit miffed at what they called 'the production standard' of our records. They didn't think it was good enough for radio. We thought 'Oh well — we'll keep them happy, but they can *pay* for it.' Of course, you always end up paying for it yourself.

"So Richard brought an engineer with him — Tom Penunzio from New Jersey, who'd got his break in recording because he was a buddy of Bruce Springsteen's. I think they used to work in the same panel-beating shop or something. He'd done a lot of Springsteen albums and had worked with Phil Spector and John Lennon, so we thought he'd be pretty competent. It was quite a change working with those guys."

IRRELEVANT, BUT FUNNY 2

Considering the artistic talent in the band, why have your album covers been less than spectacular?

"We didn't do the first album cover, but I liked that one. For the second one, we got a Greek photographer... that's spectacular! We're hopefully involving him in our new secret project, which I can't tell you about. Peter's in charge of it. We only delegated the responsibility yesterday, so if I tell you, it probably won't happen.

"Cats And Dogs *was just a simple design. What was the cover of* Creatures Of Leisure? *I suppose we've tended to backpedal... We seem to be more artistic on the singles.*

"The new cover is just red, with 'Fundamental' *written across the top... just red. We're really excited about it, because it's red. It's the neatest looking cover, especially for such a sloppy band. We were all in there yesterday, touching it and going* 'My, what a nice cover!'"

lot of fancy studios all around the world, reckon it's the best they've ever been in. It's great, and it's got a ping pong table! Richard and I played 30,000 points of ping pong in the seven weeks — I worked it out on a calculator."

In fact, *Fundamental* cost over $100,000 to make. The Mentals' American, Canadian, and Australian record companies paid advances, but they weren't enough, and the band has had to make up the shortfall. They're understandably hoping the album will sell well enough to recoup their money (with some left over to start the next record — which they're already itching to do). At this stage, *Fundamental* should be in the stores towards the end of the month, though in the light of delays so far, I doubt if the Mentals would be surprised if it took longer.

As its title suggests, *Fundamental* represents a return to simplicity, back to the essence of the band. Most songs on the album are dance-inclined, and are almost invariably built around a solid drum/bass axis.

"The bass is a lot louder and a lot better played than in the past — Peter went to a lot of trouble. It was all to do with tying it to the drums, and we hadn't really thought about it properly before; but you get a hot producer who says 'When they do *this* in *this* sort of song, why don't you get the bass doing *this*, and then work from there?' It's great! You can play this stuff falling over drunk."

For the last week or so, I've been playing completely sober — something I've never done before, just to see what it's like. It's frightening..."

APPARENTLY, inspiration for the title struck while Wayne and Greedy were driving. They were sorting through the permutations of *'Mental'* — monumental, regimental, that sort of thing. *'Fundamental'* seemed perfect because it combined 'fun' and 'mental', but there was more to it than that.

"The album cost so much to record that 'Fund A Mental Today' seemed like a good idea. We'd like some funding to pay for it.

"Most of the money went in studio time. For a good studio in Australia at the moment, you're looking at eight or nine thousand a week. The album was done at Rhinoceros" (the same venue as *Apocalypso*). "The American producer and engineer, who've worked in a

But the most noticeable change in the Mentals' sound is a shifting emphasis to keyboards. Even Reg, whose flamboyant guitar style has till now shaped the core of the sound, has taken to writing songs on the keys. The result is a brighter, neater dance-trance feel which occasionally borders on disco... though there's still enough r'n'b in there to sleaze up the slick.

DOWN TO BASICS — LIKE THE *SONGS*

You're So Strong: "I wrote and sing that. I actually wrote it in my wardrobe at home. I've got a little four-track set up there — it's the only place I can get rid of the traffic noise, living above a bus stop in Bondi.

"It's a song about talking to a girl and saying 'It's really good the way you look after me when we're out in public and handle any smart remarks, but in private, take it easy!' It's a slightly risque song, a bit outside what people think we usually do."

Big Wheel: "That's one of Martin's — he was saying yesterday that it's about not wanting to be downtrodden... (*sings*) *'I don't want to be a big wheel/But I sure won't be your slave'*."

Live It Up: "That's one of mine — a ballady one. It's humorous, but pretty emotional at the same time. It's about chatting up the loneliest girl at the nightclub, and setting yourself up as being able to show someone a really good time..."

Is that written from experience?

"No, no, it's a fantasy! (*laughs*)."

Surf And Mull And Sex And Fun: "Now *here's* a problem song. Peter wrote and sings that one — it's all about the surf subculture. It's got a good dance beat and a very latin feel, but what do the lyrics mean? (*Sings again*) *'The world has got no rules/It's just a coloured ball'*.

"I think he's using that as a metaphor for psychedelia. He's got a weird idea of psychedelia — he somehow confuses it with 80s surfies, and I don't think they listen to that sort of music at all."

Good Friday: "That's one of Martin's. It's about being stuck in an Australian city — or a Canadian city — on Good Friday, and not being able to do anything. It's about very repressive municipalities."

A Date With Destiny: "It's mine! I wrote the lyrics about seven years ago — I like 'em 'cause they're just so unbearably corny, but at the same time quite fair dinkum. When I did it originally, it sounded like Billy Idol! Actually, Richard (Gottehrer) played the really funny keyboard line on it."

Hold On: "Another one of Pete's. I think it's about losing your temper with a girl and behaving badly — it's just an incredible confession song. Pete's so headstrong, and I think it really comes over in this."

Stones Of The Heart: "This is one of my favourites. It's one of Reg's songs that he wrote on the keyboard, a love song. The middle eight is *fantastic*!... (*breaking out into song once more*)... *'I've got a brand new spiritual spear strapped to my thigh/You may wonder what it's doing here/I'll tell you why*.'

"The stones of the heart, the armour of love, the bolts from above... It's... it's very *physical*."

I Just Wanna Be Happy: "We used to call it *'Drunk At A Party'*. It's all about Reg when he was young — going to people's places, drinking all the free grog and being totally obnoxious to everybody. He's such a well-behaved chap now."

Bus Ride: "One of Martin's. (*laughs*) It's a really moody sort of song, but it's just about... well, he lives in Coogee, and our offices are in Bondi Junction*. He's one of the Volkswagen generation — he very rarely uses public transport. As soon as he was old enough to drive, he got a cheap VW.

"We were having a band meeting, and his car broke down — he didn't have enough money for a cab so he caught a bus, and he writes a bloody song about it! He catches buses all the time now."

**(Interstate readers: Coogee and Bondi Junction are eastern Sydney suburbs about a mile apart.)*

FOR A band with a long-standing reputation for the extremely casual approach, an almost inordinate amount of care has been taken with the technical aspects of the new album... Which may go some way towards accounting for its enormous expenses.

"The producer and the engineer spent a lot of time making sure it would sound good. It was originally cut in New York, but turned out horrible because the machines were bung — that's why the single was delayed. A hell of a lot of time was spent in EQ-ing it to make it sound good on plastic.

"We wanted to put two more songs on it — we've always put 12 or 14 songs on albums — but we've found out from all these hotshot cutting engineers that the more sound you put on, the less quality you get. It's a bit of a dilemma — we've got so many songs we want to get rid of!"

As might be expected, the release of the album coincides with heavily stepped-up roadwork. It seems the new material has been going over well of late, so they're happy to stick around in Australia for quite a while to promote it...

"We really *want* to promote it because it cost us a lot of money to make, and we figure it's our most consistent record. We could easily go to America and neglect Australia — but it would sink like a stone, and that'd be dumb.

"If the album does really well, we'd like to do some shows other than just the pubs — but at the same time, we don't like playing in theatres where people can't drink at all, so we're trying to get BYO licences for dance halls. We used to do gigs at Balmain Town Hall — they were totally illegal, and it was next door to the police station!"

FOR Mental As Anything the last two years have seen a slow transition, but they've returned to the unpretentious good-time basics they began with. The release of *Fundamental* is a crucial step — more than any of their other records, it's bound to polarise opinions. You'll either love it or hate it.

Some things, on the other hand, *almost never* change...

"For the last week or so, I've been playing completely sober — something I've never done before, just to see what it's like. It's frightening, but it helps me sing and play better. I can hit the notes without my fingers slipping off the keyboards, and I don't trip over as much.

"Actually, it's becoming a trend! Martin wants me to start drinking again, because Reg is copying me and not drinking much. He reckons it doesn't make any difference. He says I still slur my words and stumble around.

"I suppose drinking is part and parcel of our show."

And that's a fundamental truth.

(Pic: Tasso Taraboulsi)

Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram Happy tenth Ram

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OUT NOW

DREAM OF THE REAL

THE RADIATORS remain aghast at their critical status in Australia... TERRY BYRNES eavesdrops on their plans to put the Bad Times behind them.

Brian Nichol (Pic: Mark Green)

VISIONS OF PARADISE

"He was alone in that four poster bed with serpents coiled around columns and visions of Paradise embroidered on the canopy... he realised he felt strong as a horse. Time to get up. He jumped up and wandered barefoot and pajama clad out of the room before it occurred to him that this was another illusion, but by then he couldn't stop himself... and he saw that far from having shrunk, the house had actually expanded, it had grown so vast that it held within its walls every place he had ever been."

***(Shame* — Salman Rushdie.)**

THEY'RE SELLING POSTCARDS OF THE HANGING

A GOOD Radiators gig is like walking into a vast powerhouse of light and sound. Enveloped in that luminous mega-wattage, dazzled by their incandescence, you fail to realise the scalpel Fess Parker calls a guitar slicing your Old Mammalian Brain, you totally miss the neat nipple extraction executed by Brendan Callinan's synth whoosh, you are completely ignorant of the appearance of a large hole in your stomach —courtesy of a vicious Mick Buckley kick drum —and when Geoff Turner vibrates what remains of your entrails with a shuddering E on the bass, you only begin to realise the impact of Brian Nichol's heatwave vocals on your once tender skin.

Yes, the Rads live — a product of the Great Australian Rock'n'Roll apprenticeship. For seven years, they've played to anyone from Whyalla miners to West Ryde bikies. Along the way they've label-hopped (RCA, WEA and currently sitting pretty with EMI), produced four albums, a couple of hit singles, and earned both respect and contempt from media and public alike. It has, to say the least, been a pretty chequered career.

As I quickly found out during The Interview, the Rads are currently suffering a heavy dose of the dreaded Lack Of Credibility Syndrome. They feel hard done by, they feel misunderstood, they feel pissed off with those critics who dismiss them as a clumsy, sexist, mindlessly moronic rock'n'roll outfit... who couldn't save a goldfish, let alone a whale!

Balanced against this innate feeling of anger and frustration is their current plan for world domination. America and Europe is on the touring agenda for '85; EMI America and Germany are particularly keen on the band's chances, and the Rads themselves are very much aware they are embarking on a new journey. And it's one that Geoff Turner describes as essential to the band's growth.

"We've felt we've done what we can do in Australia. We've reached our limit, and although we'll never desert Australia — we'll always be an Australian band — we have to branch out for our own sanity. We have got to go places where we can be judged without any pre-conceived ideas, and then we'll know what we're really like."

Much of course depends on the Ken Scott (Bowie, Supertramp, Missing Persons)-produced album, *Life's A Gamble*.

LIFE'S A GAMBLE

IN THIS CASE, it paid off. Pre-production in LA; a band decision to cut back on road commitments to concentrate on writing new songs; the actual album sessions at 301 in Sydney. The dice kept rolling the Rads' way.

The eclecticism that informs the heart of their songwriting approach has gelled around a more streamlined, focused band sound. The songs breathe a little more, and Brian Nichol's voice, in particular, radiates new shades of interpretation. In fact a Bowiesque touch runs through the album — reminiscent of the terrain mapped out by Bowie in his *Man Who Sold The World/Hunky Dory* days. A compounding of vulnerability with bravado works at its best on the zappy title track and the beautifully controlled *Suddenly We're Strangers*.

If the album has a major weakness, it lies with the lyrics. Neither Turner nor Nichol, the principal Rad writers, seem able to rise above the one-dimensional scenario. The result is a predictability which falls into abject triteness on songs like *Let's Do It Again* and *I'd Die For You*.

What *Life's A Gamble* lacks in lyrical thrust however is compensated for by some incisive arrangements, and a controlled sense of ensemble playing that Scott has sculpted into a very precise, yet powerful identity. It's at once more spatial and punchy than previous Rads' efforts.

'Don't jump the gun — that was my first mistake
Just beware — here comes my second one
How come I feel so lucky?
When life's a gamble.'

(*Life's a Gamble* — G. Turner)

AND NOW FOR SOME QUESTIONS

What did you learn from working with someone like Ken Scott?

"He's a total perfectionist. The way he likes to work, nothing is good enough. He was after the ultimate performance from each individual. He showed us short cuts without skipping on quality, studio tricks that get the best out of you; but basically he wouldn't say much, he'd just look at you and go *HMMMMM*, and you'd know that you were going to have to do another take."

Ken Scott seems to have recorded the vocals very differently from your other albums — what happened?

"We didn't get into a lot of backing harmonies with this one. What he tried to do was blend all our voices underneath. He had a very interesting way of recording the lead vocals — rather than just go through line by line, he'd get Brian to sing the vocal on a song four times through and then he'd pick the best lines from that and it made it all flow better. Instead of pulling Brian up and saying 'Hang on, you're out of tune' or whatever, he just let him go for it."

What is the main difference between Geoff Turner's and Brian Nichol's approaches to songwriting?

GEOFF TURNER: "There's a big difference."

BRENDAN CALLINAN: "Brian writes with a complete lack of confidence in what he's doing."

GT: "I think he just tosses it out, tosses it to us and we tell him whether it's good or bad."

BC: "He's too hard on himself."

GT: "The ones he likes himself are usually the ones that get dropped. The ones he's usually got no confidence in, we jump on and say 'Wow, that's great!' He must be too close to it or something."

JOHN TAGG (Manager): "Brian's a firm believer in lyric and feel, whereas I think Geoff is more into melody and hooks."

GT: "I try to be more commercial, I suppose. I always set out to write the perfect pop song. I think *Gamble* is getting there, to that point I think it's a good pop song. And our second single, *A Little Bit Of Pain Never Hurts* — it's radically different, it's across the board — it's the type of song that could break us out of the 15 to 25s mould."

What inspired you to write *Hollywood*?

GT: "It was inspired by the very nature of the place. You see all these people who were once somebody or something and now are nothing, and there's a sort of hollowness and sadness underneath all their upfront bravado — you know, you see these Bette Davis copies with chauffeur-driven limousines, greying hair, and shades — and it's sad."

You were saying earlier how boxed-in you feel by the media and critics in general in Australia — can you define this feeling?

GT: "At the moment we're just so mixed up, because people are slagging us off on the one hand and then some go praising you over the top on the other hand. You don't know where to go. One day you feel on top of the world, the next you feel like jumping off the Harbour Bridge.

"We never get constructive criticism. The criticism we get is always very bad, it's never balanced with anything positive — it's always slam, slam, *slam*. Out and out hate, and you don't know where you are. When someone writes that our *Scream Of The Real* album was just "eleven laughable tracks" or that *Life's A Gamble* is just rock and roll and the lyrics were just in the *'I'm Missing You Baby yeah yeah yeah'* vein — it really makes you mad."

JOHN TAGG: "That *Scream Of The Real* review was written by the guy who normally wrote the Cooking Section, because the Music Writer was away... and then there was the sports writer who filled in on another paper who wrote about us that the only gamble was EMI backing a three-legged horse!!! (*breaks into laughter*)

With America looming, how do you feel about leaving Australia?

"Going overseas is a chance to prove ourselves. We think we can cut it over there. People from West Hollywood are no different from West Ryde. We've served our apprenticeship; we're ready for the next step."

JUST WHO *IS* THE BOSS HERE?

After politely waiting his turn while three of the other Stones indulged *their* outside projects, MICK JAGGER finally seizes the bit with the release of his first solo album, *She's The Boss*... COLIN IRWIN wonders just how much control he wields over his own destiny these days, among other searching questions...

(Pic: Paul Cox/LFI)

NOT SO much a tornado, more a chilling wind... Jagger enters the fray just 15 minutes behind schedule. A *paltry* 15 minutes. Before you even notice he's there he's whipped off his jacket, dumped the poncho, shaken every hand in the room and, eyes darting in a dozen different directions at once, absorbed every minute detail of the scene confronting him. Instinctively you know there is no way you could ever win an argument with this man. Without having to say a word, the boy is instantly in *charge*.

He looks like... well, he looks like *Jagger*. Disturbingly lean and formidably brusque, he is overtly friendly, but single-mindedly businesslike. Yet still I can't get over how skinny he is. The thought recurs that if my mum was here, she'd give him a sharp clip round the ear and drag him home for several hot dinners. My mum's like that. Sadly, she's never been to Paris. It is, of course, a crazy old day in Paris.

As for Jagger, he hadn't been up too long. It's early afternoon, but then he was up for most of the night. Not partying — he's not one to party the nights away so much now — but working on the next Stones album. That'll be out... it'll be out *sometime*... scuppering rumours of an impending split in the ranks.

But right now Jagger has allowed himself two days to promote his first-ever solo album, *She's The Boss*, with a handful of selected interviews. These he appears to conduct with no obvious relish, but a spirited amiability. The brave, cheery face you might present to the dentist.

As a matter of fact, I happen to like his album. His voice is pleasingly bluesy and the songs generally seem harder than on many a recent Stones album. Jagger smiles gratefully. You're never too rich for minor compliments. Not, however, that this is an opinion likely to be shared by most of my beloved colleagues in the music press. As sure as can be, *She's The Boss* will be savaged much as the single, *Just Another Night* has already been savaged. Some things are tediously predictable.

Yet oldist or not, there are few rock heart-throbs even today who didn't learn their craft from Mick Jagger... whether they know it or not. And play-acting or not, Jagger remains a rock icon. All that tartiness, that tongue-in-cheek sexuality, the brazen self-parodying flaunting of his own legend, and a persistently natural feel for earthy, *dirty* rock music... perhaps he might still, even at the decrepit age of 41, be considered the definitive rock star. *Perhaps*. Perhaps not. But dull he isn't.

"Nah, nah... it's second nature to me," he guffaws in that winning way of his when I ask him if he might be considered an... ahem... embarrassment playing hard rock music *at his age*.

"See, I don't consider I'd be any good at anything else. I *can* do other kinds of music, but hard rock is my main talent and I think I can do that pretty good. I don't have any problems doing it."

But don't you think that 20 years ago you would have been appalled to think you'd still be at it when you're over 40?

"Nah. Not appalled. *Surprised* perhaps. But all the people I liked when I was 20 were very much in the 40s age bracket: Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf. I thought that Elvis was ancient, and he was only something like eight years older than me. But he was still good. Even though I thought he was old, I still liked what he did when I was 12 or 13 or somethin'."

Do you really think you've still got something to say to a young audience?

"Oh yeah. *Yeah*. The thing about starting out in a band is that the first albums you do tend to be horrible. Most first albums by bands, the only thing they have going for them is enthusiasm. The first Stones album is a pretty good album really, considering when it was recorded — it has a lot of brashness and enthusiasm — but quite often that's all those albums have. You can't really play 'em after a while because they just get boring, there's not any musicianship going on, there's nothing underneath it — it's just speed and enthusiasm."

THE obvious question is, after a 20 year career, why has Mick Jagger now decided to put out a solo album?

"The obvious answer is why not?"

Obvious but glib.

"I could say it in three or four languages if you like."

Go on then.

"No, the thing is a lot of my mates and people like you were always saying 'C'mon Mick, why are you lazing about?' Basically it wasn't a thought out thing at all, so glib answers abound, but the truth is I worked a lot in 1983 with the Stones in the studio. We done

a lot of videos and I wrote these songs very quickly, like in a couple of weeks.

"As I'd been doing all this work with the Stones, there was no way I was going back in the studio again after being there for nine months or whatever, including doing a video, so I thought I'd do demos for fun. Then I thought, wait a minute. I might as well do this solo album everyone's always asking me about, and I've always said 'Oh I might do it one day'.

"It was a good time to do it because I thought it was time to start breaking patterns a little bit. I hadn't been taking enough chances, maybe... it was doing an album and then going on the road for a little while then laying back. I thought the time was good to get on and do something. And the record company were very good about it.

"They said, 'We don't want you to do four albums with the Stones, we want you to do two on your own'. So when I said I wanted to do this solo album they were very supportive rather than saying 'Oh well, we'd rather have a Stones album first if you don't mind'."

Co-produced by Bill Laswell, the album features a grand old array of name session musicians — from Jeff Beck to Nile Rodgers and Sly and Robbie. Yet the most surprising thing about it is how little it strays from the basic rock format honed to perfection by the Stones down the years. Freed from the guidance of Sir Keef and the others, Jagger was widely expected to go off at a tangent.

"Well, in a band you expect others to come up with ideas — that's what a band's all about — whereas when you're working with musicians in this way, they basically expect it all to come from you. All the direction, the lines of the bass — everything. I guess there are some things on there I wouldn't have done with the Rolling Stones in the same way, but with the material I didn't set out to do an experimental album like some hip-hop thing or a jazz album, which is what a lot of people thought I was doing.

"So the songs I wrote were basically the same sort of songs I write for the Stones, the same kind of material. Whether they would have been done differently with the Stones is hypothetical."

If nothing else, it has a provocative title. The song *She's The Boss* is a pretty standard growly r'n'b affair which, to me at least, sounds like a calculated backhander aimed at the more militant elements of the feminist movement. Jaggers denies this quite strenuously.

"Nah, I just made it up on the spur of the moment in the studio. Most of the vocal is live... I dunno, it's about all the executive lady talk. You get a lot of all that about the real independent woman, so I just made it up. I made the words a spoof on the whole thing."

So it's not a reverse sexism thing?

"Nah, it's not. But you can take it any way you want. There is some serious stuff in there. The guy is screaming that he can't fuck her 'cos he's got to wash his hair... it's a joke, y'know. It's a joke on sexism. All the women I've played it to really like it. All the female executives at the record company really liked that one."

You'll get flak for it, though.

"Don't think so. Not from any of the women who've heard it so far anyway. Maybe I'll get it from men. Feminist men. Butch men. Macho men won't like it."

The oddity on the album is a ballad called *Hard To Please*, which Jagger performs in a weird, strangulated drawl. I tell him he sounds like Dylan grappling with *Lay Lady Lay*. For the one and only time during our encounter, he looks genuinely shocked.

"It's *supposed* to sound like Aaron Neville," he grumbles with exaggerated shirtiness. "That's what I was aiming at. Someone told me yesterday it sounded as if I was trying to copy Marvin Gaye! I wasn't trying to copy anybody really, but there's a little bit of everything in it."

Not everybody, it seems, is as thrilled about the idea of a Jagger solo album. If rumours are to be believed — and I *always* believe rumours — the other Stones were less than enamoured of the whole escapade, and Sir Keef in particular was miffed that the project was occupying so much time when he wanted to get on with the next Stones album.

"Yeah...," he concedes vaguely... "but Keith knew I was gonna do this. He knew I'd planned it, 'cos when we talked about the Stones contracts, I said they wanted me to do two solo albums; and I said 'I think it's a good idea, I want to do it — otherwise I'm never gonna do it'. I told him I wanted to do it now, and he said why not do it later? And I just said 'Well, *no*... I really feel like doing it *now*.' I don't think he was that pleased about it, but he got used to the idea.

"Anyway, I was the only one in the band who hadn't done a solo project. Keith had done tours on his own, and Ronnie had... Keith had even put out a single on his own..." He pauses to savour the anticipated raised eyebrows... "It's called *Run Rudolph Run*." (*A further dramatic pause to accommodate the inevitable sniggers.*)

"And Bill's done several solo albums, Ronnies' done loads, innumerable things which I've helped him with, produced, wrote songs for, *everything*. I was the only one who hadn't done anything, so I don't think they had any kind of complaints whatsoever. *Really*. They were *stymied*."

The managing director has spoken.

A RECENT biography of the Stones (by Philip Norman) suggests that his current respectability, his elite status in the establishment, was always something that Jagger craved. Mick was, the book infers, impressed from the start by fame, wealth and international status, and whatever the fearsome public image was, he consistently saw the Stones as a tool to achieve it for himself. A simplistic view, but — like Brian Jones but unlike Sir Keef — Mick enjoyed a relatively comfortable upbringing. It was the music of Howlin' Wolf that moved him, not the desire to completely overturn traditional values.

Now, with a teenage daughter of his own — and he believes in a strictly disciplined upbringing by all accounts — and the benefit of having experienced virtually every excess known to mankind, Jagger can afford to be philosophical about it all. He insists that the Stones always were the real thing, and while the wild rock'n'roll rebel image was something fostered by the media, it was never consciously manufactured.

"It *wasn't* just a pose in the first place. In that period, we *were* very angry and violent. But a lot of that soon disappeared when we achieved success. By 1965, even though people still believed that if you had long hair you were rebellious... that was it. It's hard to put yourself back. It's hard to explain to people who didn't live through that period what it was like. It was unbelievable. But by '65 the Stones were part of showbusiness in a way. A successful band, internationally known. And if it hadn't been for all the drug busts... that changed things an awful lot... it changed our attitude to everything.

In what way?

"Well, it brought us back to the... we were just a good-time band having a very good time on the road making the music we wanted and making records that I think were pretty good. Then we got into this whole thing of being busted and went to jail and everything and that put us back to where we started, so we had to spend all our energy and time fighting that rather than making music — which was really boring. Boring and time-consuming. It made us regress, in little ways, in attitude."

And that reinforced the rebel thing?

"Yeah, but what I'm trying to say is there was a period between that, when we were really happy-go-lucky and enjoying life and having a lot of success and not being excessive in any way and working very hard producing a lot of albums very quickly. On the road permanently, and going all round the world and having a lot of fun. That time from the middle of '64 to '67 was a very happy period in our lives."

Have you found it hard to hang on to your sanity?

"No, not really. Only one or two times it got a little bit difficult. When you're a kid, you think everyone's agin you. That was enough. And then Brian really bought it over that whole thing. He took it all to heart and bought it, more or less. He let it fester in him. So that was a tough time. But after that we began to get back into it."

Jagger has gone on record as saying that he rates the first Stones album the best — which supports the widely held view that the Stones went soft centuries ago. It certainly sounds as if, musically at least, he's nostalgic for the early days.

"Well, everyone likes to think about when they were young, but I'm not really a nostalgia person — I'm more interested in what's going on now than what happened whenever. Of course you look back at the past sometimes with a bit of a glow, but it wasn't very easy a lot of times, it was pretty awful really.

"It was very different then. You couldn't do just what you wanted. You couldn't wear what you wanted without people laughing at you. Now you can, more or less... in England anyway. A few people laugh at you, but *everyone* laughed at you then. It was constant, so you got very hardened to that abuse. It wasn't particularly funny, but being in a band helped because you could support each other."

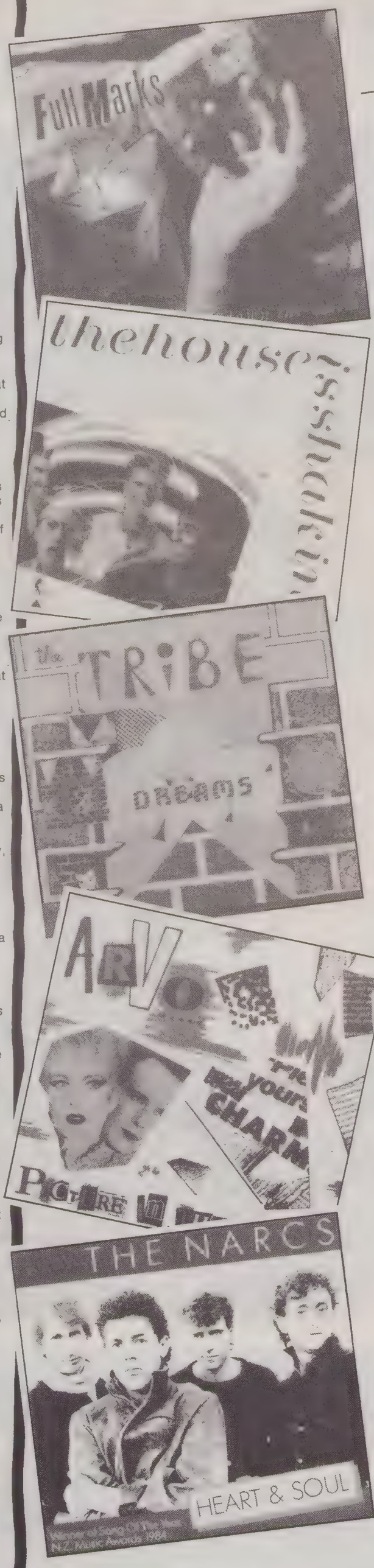
Jagger's present role in the current scheme of things is, in any case, confused. While the Stones remain more imitated than any other band, anybody whose sexual adventures inspire such interest in the society columns is rightly ripe for derision. Jagger contests that he despises this close media attention, but admits that he'll "play the game" when it suits him. He also admits he'd get a special thrill if his solo stuff does well, but isn't expecting miracles.

"You shouldn't really worry about all that — especially if you've had a lot of success, because you've got to have ups and downs in your career. Your life can't be run by totally commercial precepts."

His main interest — as it has always been — is black music, and he spent much of last summer dancing the nights away in London in obscure reggae clubs.

"I like to dance," he says simply. "If you can't dance to it, then to me a lot of it is useless."

NEW MUSIC '85 IS...



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THE HOUSE IS SHAKING

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POP GOES THE EASEL

Richard Hamilton's 'My Marilyn'; serigraph, 1966

POP ART 1955-1970 is a feast for the eyes *and* the imagination. If you're a Sydneysider with even a passing interest in modern art, aesthetics, or for that matter, youth culture and its influences, you're in for a treat. (Brisbane and Melbourne get theirs later.) Selected by Henry Geldzahler, former curator of 20th century art at New York's Metropolitan Museum, this exhibition is awash with colour, excitement, humour and energy. Though Pop's detractors would baulk at the suggestion, it's also splendidly diverse.

The range of themes, subjects and styles among the 150-plus paintings, sculptures and multi-media compositions on view is indeed so broad that some of it seems only peripherally associated with Pop Art — if at all. Which leads us to the obvious but decidedly tricky question: what *IS* Pop Art?

One person who should know is critic Lawrence Alloway, often credited with inventing the term in 1954. He said it required "a serious taste for popular culture, belief in multi-evocative imagery and sense of the interplay of technology and men" — which is all very well, except that these are pre-requisites rather than definitions. Pop Art is optimistic, positive and unrefined; but then so is a lot of primitive art. It uses commercial materials and emblems; but so did the Dadaists as early as 1912! It's predominantly figurative, rooted in the twentieth century urban environment... but the essence remains elusive.

In the final analysis, it's probably easiest to define this extraordinary movement by its *opposite*. Just as Dada gave art a new lease of life after Cubism, so the Pop Artists pumped Expressionism. It was unworldly, romantic, inward-looking and intensely personal; in short, it was everything the Pop Artists were against. Their own work was sometimes scrupulously representational, but must be seen as distinct from its subject matter. There *is* irony here, but there's also empathy. Pop Art is neither unfailingly critical nor celebratory, but it's often very beautiful.

Though it's usually thought of as a quintessentially American genre, Pop Art really had its beginnings in the grey, austere Britain of the mid-50s. The English painters were profoundly influenced by American life as seen through the mass media, though not by American art, and they employed — if not embraced — its consumer icons and popular imagery as surely as they rejected upper-class British culture. Just as the Teddy Boys of their era clamoured for rock'n'roll (as the British blues bands of the 60s strove to sound more and more 'black'), so these restless sophisticates responded to an ideal — brash, physical, erotic, perhaps imaginary — which they could only simulate. To their transatlantic successors it came naturally, and American Pop when it finally emerged was much bolder and more hard-edged, unfettered by the British tendency to modify, balance and restrain. Most of all, it was not afraid to be simple.

David Hockney's 'The Most Beautiful Boy In The World'; Oil on canvas, 1961

MARK DEMETRIUS surrenders his senses to POP ART: 1955-1970, an exhibition of extraordinary imagery: from rock to schlock with beauty in between, plus enough inherent humour to tickle the walls of the NSW Art Gallery

POP ART 1955-70

Anti-clockwise, from top: Warhol's 'Campbell Soup Box'; Silkscreen on wood, 1964; Marisol's 'Love' -- Plaster Coca-Cola bottle, 1962
Claes Oldenburg's 'Proposed Colossal Monument For Park Avenue, New York: Good Humor Bar'; Crayon & watercolour, 1965 . Artwork photography by IAN GREENE/Camerartery

Two artists whose work is well represented at the exhibition are Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg, both New Yorkers who pre-dated the Big Splash of American Pop in the early 60s — yet neither is strictly a Pop Artist in style or subject. Rauschenberg's *Dylaby* — a pre-'junk art' combination of wood and rubber tyre — illustrates his desire to work in the "gap between life and art", as do several other displays employing found objects. Most jarring of these is Armand P. Arman's *The Gorgon's Shield*, which consists quite simply of silver dog combs in a wooden box. (If it sounds fraudulent or pretentious, that may be because you haven't seen it.)

Johns' work ranges from the classically simple to the unnervingly bizarre. His bronze lightbulbs and flashlights are, for all their pedestrian subject-matter, as beautiful as a Greek statue, and the all-but-blank *Flags* have carried the stylised simplification of advertising to a point beyond recognition. The famous *Target* (1958) is too rough, bulky and splotchy for Pop's clinical slickness, while the much later *Watchman* seethes with implicit violence. A leg-cast and upside-down chair protrude from the canvas with an insolence and force at odds with Pop's supposed cool passivity.

Most striking among the English artists are David Hockney and Richard Hamilton, perhaps along with Italian Eduardo Paolozzi the real fathers of Pop Art. Hamilton showed an early genius for amusing and epic titles, and if his pioneering *Just What Is It That Makes Today's Homes So Different, So Appealing?* (1956) is not included, we can always make do with *Towards A Definitive Statement On The Coming Trends In Men's Wear And Accessories*! (The latter is, incidentally, basically a montage based around John Glenn and his space-suit.)

A much more serious and chilling Hamilton is his *My Marilyn* (1966), in which we see numerous photos of a smiling M.M. frolicking on the beach. She looks, to steal John Cale's immortal phrase, as if she must "feel safe like Sharon Tate", but we alone can see the X-es splashed casually and callously across the photographs. What Hamilton is symbolically rejecting is open to conjecture: is it photo-realism, is it Marilyn herself, or is it perhaps that great Monroe canoniser Andy Warhol? (of whom, more later).

As for David Hockney, who like Warhol straddles the tightrope between artist and public gossip subject, his two paintings are among the most richly idiosyncratic in the exhibition. *The Second Marriage* features a grotesque groom and worried, arch-looking bride inside a limousine where both animate and inanimate figures are numbered. The dehumanisation is even more overt in *The Most Beautiful Boy In The World*, a Baconesque nightmare in which a misshapen, featureless head is seemingly assaulted by a disembodied heart and a giant Alka-Seltzer logo. Somewhere in this paranoiac mess is a scribbled "Come home with me, I love wrestling", a reassuring hint of Hockney's wry camp humour.

Then there are George Segal's *The Photobooth* and *The Parking Garage*, full-scale replicas of ugly modern contraptions/monuments, in which the white Rodin-like humans are the only 'parts' which don't look real. It's a paradoxical view of alienation — certainly contrived, but no less affecting for all that.

Much more enticing is Martial Raysse's *South Sea Islands Style Painting: Mediterranean Mood*. On the one hand exotic and sensual, it's also dark and profoundly haunting — like some unholy experiment in which Gauguin and Rousseau meet Edvard Munch. The connection with Pop is slight but undeniable, from the comic clumsiness of the title to the boldness of the execution and the 'shorthand' eroticism of the girl's facial expression.

AND THERE's so much more. Take Duane Hanson's *Hard Hat*, so stunningly realistic that it can momentarily be mistaken for an actual person. (The clothing, lunch bucket and paint can *are* real, and once again the creative process has to be re-defined.) Or Venezuelan artist Marisol's cheekily irresistible *The Royal Family*, with even the corgis turned into idiot rectangles. Its amiable satire contrasts markedly with the venom of Malcolm Morley's *Racetrack (South Africa)*, a painstaking piece of hyper-realism defaced by a giant red 'X' even more strident and nihilistic than Richard Hamilton's.

Tom Wesselmann, Jim Dine, James Rosenquist with his cunning lessons in juxtaposition, such as *Spaghetti and Grass* — anyone who was important in Pop Art is here. Almost every piece is intriguing in its own way, and much is enthralling, but it is naturally the three giants of the genre who leave the most profound impression and command the most attention: Lichtenstein, Oldenburg and Warhol.

Roy Lichtenstein once claimed that "the closer my work is to the original, the more threatening and critical the content". He has also stressed that "there are certain things that are usable, forceful and vital about commercial art", and it is this dichotomy between criticism and approval which is at the heart of his work and, as I implied earlier, at the heart of Pop Art itself. A comic-strip painting like *Masterpiece* may be very funny and partly tongue-in-cheek, but it is also visually beguiling and a shrewd commentary on both popular and academic responses to art. *Large Jewels* is a veritable triumph of design and form, magnifying something small so that it loses its own shape and acquires a new and exquisite symmetry. And the subtle, semi-abstract *Rouen Cathedral Seen At 3 Different Times Of The Day* shows the comic dot form at its most sublimely evocative. This is *not* disposable art, and it is certainly not kitsch.

Claes Oldenburg's sculptures are much warmer than Lichtenstein's creations, and just as flamboyant. His stated intention was to stimulate the imagination rather than depict, but depict he did — if on a massive scale! Oldenburg's huge *Floor Cone* is at once awesome and appealing, hopelessly unconvincing and yet perfectly capturing the essence of its subject matter. His works are wonderfully tactile in a way that only sculpture can be, but soft and unthreatening in a way it had never been before. The *Giant Pool Balls* made me wish for a cue to 'break' with, and his *Pastry Case I* and *Danish Pastry* looked positively 'edible' for all their distended surrealism.

Sculptures like *White Shirt and Blue Tie* or *Soft Toilet — Ghost Version* succeed not only in making the dignified absurd but also in making the absurd dignified, and it is this which distances them from their Dadaist ancestors — which concentrated squarely on the former.

Considerations of viewpoint or empathy appear to matter little to Andy Warhol, surely Everyman's idea of the archetypal Pop Artist. He is on record as saying that "all painting is fact and that is enough; the paintings are charged with their very presence".

Warhol's imagery is obvious, his position apparently dispassionate and his 'editorial comment' often confined to the vivid, varied and expressive use of colour. He depicts events or objects much as we *perceive* the horror on TV news reports (without much emotion), rather than with the ersatz emotion by which the mass media *convey* them. In his most (pre-tentiously?) unpretentious moments, as in *From A To B And Back Again: The Philosophy Of Andy Warhol*, Warhol insists that posterity and ideas are nothing, that artists don't take risks ("It's just another job"), and most emphatically that "good business is the best art".

So what are we to make of Warhol's art? Is it as banal and limited as he would have us believe? The answer is of course a resounding *NO*. After all, formalist criticism — often used to condemn Pop — says that the work of art must be judged on its intrinsic merits, irrespective of the creator's intentions or attitudes. That must surely go for self-deprecation just as much as it does for extravagant boasts.

The Warhols on display range from the dynamic to the bland, from the deadpan to the exultant. The innate content of *Elvis I And II* all but dwarfs the treatment, with Presley captured at his most tough, exciting and charismatic. However, the contrasts between the two versions — one coloured, one black and white — is an object lesson in Warholian artifice. The black and white Elvis actually looks more real and less contrived, so jaded are our eyes by the phony colours of advertising.

Jackie Triptych and *Liz* (Elizabeth Taylor) also showcase Warhol's preoccupation with celebrity, but this time via a garish vividness which is almost voyeuristic in its obsessive quality.

From such mystique-laden subjects, Warhol can turn with apparently equal conviction (or the lack of it) to the notorious *Brillo Boxes* or *Campbell Soup Box*. Though visually identical to the real thing, they are in fact silkscreens on wood, distinguished both by their mode of presentation and their physical location (in an art gallery). On their own terms, they are perfect.

Less controversial but far more arresting are the giant *Flowers*, as beautifully majestic as any Van Gogh. Splashes of colour on a drab background, they are perfect in detail yet primally simple. There is beauty of a very different and more perverse kind in *Orange Disaster* — a series of electric chairs bathed in luscious, sinister orange — though the abiding impression is unsettling.

With *Race Riot* (four silkscreened photos of a police dog attacking a black), content overwhelms form far more unequivocally. The process reaches its peak in the horrific *Saturday Disaster*, with its graphic double image of a violent car smash. Warhol has opted for straightforward realism as the only valid option, evidently realising that distortion would only detract. When reality is so dramatic, art or metaphor become superfluous, and I was reminded of Chilean poet Pablo Neruda's verbal impasse ("The blood of children flowed down the street like... like the blood of children".)

IF ART has its limitations, then each genre within it has its own attendant limits and possibilities. Critic Simon Wilson defined Pop as "art liberated from the dignity of High Art", which sounds both shackling *and* liberating. At its best, Pop achieves a new *kind* of dignity, a kind sadly lacking admist much of what it has spawned. The pointless kitsch and campiness of so much contemporary culture and fashion, the sanitised 'outrage' of what often passes for the trash aesthetic — these things threaten to devalue Pop just as psychedelia did its damnedest to devalue surrealism. The globe and ice-cream earrings and Marilyn badges on sale at the exhibition shop are not replicas of Pop Art works; they are replicas of globes, ice-cream and Marilyn. But if surrealism could withstand such trivialisation more or less intact, perhaps there is hope that Pop will too.

When seen in its proper perspective, Pop Art emerges as only part of a massive process of cultural change — the growth of the Bomb Culture, as Jeff Nuttall called it — which found its fullest expression in the 60s, though it continues today. Its role was, however, possibly greater than any other art movement since the war, and today it's back with a vengeance — however dubious or mutated may be some of its offspring.

In 1961, Claes Oldenburg summed up his philosophy with these words: "I am for an art that embroils itself with the everyday crap and still comes out on top." The 'everyday crap' part comes easy, but tinsel and trash remain tinsel and trash. Only the truly gifted can 'come out on top' and create something of beauty. The artists whose masterpieces are included in this exhibition have that enviable ability, and that's ultimately what makes it so exciting.

Stan Wayman, *Jukebox*, 1958

the fundamental things apply...

has it really been ten years gone by?

wam bam thank you ram !

wea

"I Wouldn't Lie To You Baby"(?)

Is CHAKA KHAN the unwilling victim of MOR Manipulation? IAN PYE fears the worst...

IT'S AFTER midnight, and a drained Chaka Khan sits silently in her hotel suite watching the closing moments of *Resurrection* on the TV. The movie's doe-eyed tale of faith healing and hope regained appears to have struck some vital chord deep inside this weary singer's soul. She watches avidly with bleary eyes that tell you everything you need to know about her sorry state.

As the heroine's arms close around the little boy with cancer, Chaka wipes away the tears and sniffs back the emotion to face an interview she's barely capable of carrying off.

Her European tour should have been a sweet celebration of a second and well-deserved success, but an infected throat has sabotaged her magnificent voice in the most cruel way. A dry rasp is all that emerges as she tries to speak, and in concert the notes, the tone, the incredible power, all suffer.

Wearing a black nightgown and knitted Afghan slippers, the high priestess of soul looks dazed and vulnerable. I feel like an intruder disturbing another's convalescence. To her credit she tries to rise to the occasion, but this isn't the sparkling woman-child I met last year.

At least there's a measure of relief in the air. The last London show is over, and by all accounts it was the best of the tour so far — a sympathetic audience checking their critical faculties and taking the rough with the smooth, warming to her sheer determination.

"The people were great, y'know," she says in a hoarse whisper. "It's the people who make the show, y'know."

THE RELEASE of *Rufus*, some twelve years ago, marked the beginning of a remarkably sustained career. Those early hits — *Tell Me Something Good* and *You Got The Love* — and a billing that soon changed to 'Rufus featuring Chaka Khan', gave her the confidence to go solo. She established a unique working relationship with producer Arif Mardin, picking up Grammies by the handful in the States and finally breaking big over here with the *I Feel For You* single and LP.

Yet, she says, despite appearances to the contrary, it's been a difficult struggle. She's had more than her share of personal upheavals, broken marriages and drug problems. The strain of losing the secure comfort of a group identity hasn't been easy for her either.

"When I was with Rufus," she recalls, "it wasn't so tough because I had them to rely on. Now it's just down to me, and that can be some trip, y'know. It took me a long time to even begin to come to terms with it. But every time I tour, it helps. I become a stronger single entity."

Chaka Khan's voice, diamond hard and lethally timed, suggests a person of equally resolute qualities — but nothing could be further from the truth. The guiding influence of Arif Mardin could never be underestimated, and continually she drops hints that paint a picture of a shy, highly-strung figure quite content to take the advice of her mentors.

Asked why there's so much rock guitar in her show, she replies: "It's something that happens naturally. That's what the band wanted, y'know. It's just the way things are."

And when I remind her that the last time we spoke she expressed considerable reservations about the current album, adding — it should be said — that she was terrified of offending executive producer Mardin, she starts to back pedal, saying that "there's certain things about every album that I'm not happy with. I'm never satisfied totally with anything I do. That's nothing new, that's just the way I am."

But, I persist, you definitely implied that the record's overt commerciality offended you. "Yeah, well... that's true, I suppose. It wasn't totally representative of me because I don't consider myself commercial... but I guess I can be. I'm simply learning about everything."

Considering the credits on the *I Feel For You* LP reads like a who's who of contemporary soul, could she single out anyone she especially enjoyed working with?

"Well, everybody... I can't even remember their names, but everybody was cool. They gave me total vocal freedom. It was the easiest album I've ever had to do.

"We really had to organise it tightly because of all the different people involved. When it's just Arif and me, we don't organise it as well — it's more spontaneous. But I'd do it again. It was fun and it was easy."

What were her favourite songs from that record? "Er... *Caught in The Act, Eye To Eye, This Is My Night*, that's one of my favourites. There's some pretty meaningless ballads in there, very MOR, but people tend to like that kind of thing and I did that album specifically to please the people."

One wonders if her recent change of image — from soul temptress to sex slave — was designed along the same lines. Seeing her press in the bingo rags, and even her gratuitous bump'n'grind stage antics, the inevitable question springs to mind. What the hell's happened to Chaka Khan?

I mean, here's the lady who told us she was *Every Woman* crudely caricatured by this mindless hype — the sex goddess, the new Tina Turner, the queen of raunch 'n' roll... the appalling predictability of it all. A woman at the top of her profession reduced to this one-dimensional inflatable doll with soul on the side. Not only is it an insult to her talent — as well as a lesson that even the most consummate of artists will still be sold by sex if they're female — but simply miles wide of the mark.

Onstage, Chaka Khan isn't one of the world's greatest movers; and without wanting to be bitchy, her dress sense leaves little to the imagination and much to be desired. Those heels! The corset!

What she *can* do is sing, and the truth is the sexiest thing about Chaka Khan is her voice — this truly awesome instrument, the most man-killing device you ever experienced.

Had she really said that performing was like making love to a thousand men at once?

"Well, they're making too much of that," she says huskily. "But sometimes when you've done something as exhilarating as a performance, it does feel like you've just made love. Ask any tennis player, it's the same for them."

Wasn't it offensive, though, to focus so much attention on her sex appeal?

"It is when they're talking about my body. To me, the sexual part of me is my person. I've never contemplated what exactly *is* sexy about me — my voice, my tits, my whatever. It doesn't make any difference. I don't care. If you want to talk about sex, then you've got to see me as a complete person."

Could she say what sexuality meant to her, then? "It's whatever makes it... it's a very individual thing."

Didn't she think that sex had been used and abused to the point of being nothing more than meat on a rack?

"Oh yeah. It's been exploited and overrated, and hung out on a clothes line. I think it's a very personal thing, a thing to be cherished, a beautiful thing."

So you aren't consciously playing up the sex angle?

"I'm only consciously being myself. After the third song, I feel pretty at home with myself onstage. At first I feel nervous, frightened, afraid that I can't please them. Once I get into that groove, it's cool. I'm not conscious of anything.

"But lately I've been conscious that maybe I'm going to open my mouth and nothing's going to come out. It's things like this that bring about some major positive change in one's life, so maybe something great is going to come out of this."

Bearing in mind she's already mentioned that London audiences are amongst the most critical in the world, I wonder if she was ever tempted to pull out of the tour.

"I was told to pull out by several professionals, but there was no way I was going to do that. It would have been unfair to my fans. I had to try at least."

YET for me the tragedy of the London shows — much as they were a tribute to both her abilities under extreme stress and her red-blooded courage — was that the left-field side to her work was the first to suffer.

How many of her new fans know of her work with Freddie Hubbard and Joe Henderson, her experiments in jazz featured on the *Echoes Of An Era* LP and her covers of classics such as *Take The A-Train* and the bebop medley blending the likes of Coltrane and Charlie Parker?

Certainly, her attempts to air these aspects on tour have been lacking.

"It's been terribly frustrating," she says, shaking her head miserably. "It's worried me a lot. All I can do is my best, and when I leave the stage I can tell you there's absolutely nothing left."

To really cure her throat problem, Chaka needs to do two things: have an operation to remove growths and stop smoking. She refuses to do either.

"They want them out," she says mistrustingly, "but I'm not happy about it. I still have my tonsils! I want it to heal of course. I should stop smoking as well, but I can't. I think I might try with the help of a hypnotist."

During her London sojourn, Chaka Khan hasn't been up all night partying and being seen, and even if her health permitted I doubt if she would. She's a very private person. Back in New York she lives with a teacher and her two children, preferring to stay in with an Agatha Christie book than burn up the city. Her biggest release in life is still performing.

"Sometimes when I leave the stage I don't even know what I've done," she says. "I become someone else completely. It's an incredible high."

On her last visit, she attacked performers like Michael Jackson and Diana Ross for whitening up their image for mass appeal. Now it seems that Eddie Murphy is following in their footsteps, all the way to big-time Hollywood. Her tongue, however, has been tamed — or maybe she's just realised a few home truths.

"When it comes down to it, I'm not saying anything about my culture either. But it doesn't worry me. If I choose not to relate or deal with what colour my skin is, it's because I don't feel any colour. So I approach life in that way, y'know — as a colourless entity, as opposed to worrying about my position. If somebody refers to me as a black, I simply correct them and say I'm Boston coffee! I mean, I've seen blue-black people. Let's get it straight."

Are you implying that you're prepared to turn your back on the black heritage and the future of blacks in America just so you can affirm your individuality?

"No, I'm not saying that. I don't intend to go out of my way to be accepted. Why should I? Because I'm just going to die" (*chuckles to herself*). "When it's all over, I'm just going to die. I can respect those people who use their position to push their cause, but my feelings are beyond that. I'm not being fatalistic when I say I'm going to die, I'm being realistic. See, I just can't get too serious about this whole trip when I know the exit door is just round the corner.

"But one thing — I don't intend to eliminate my personality for anybody, y'know. That is something I'll never give up."

In that case, how did she reconcile the sublimination of her musical abilities, not to mention her attitudes and feelings in her recent music? There was a time when half the writing credits on an album were hers.

"The fact is they don't pick my stuff for singles. It's too bad, because I think I've got something to offer, I think my approach to life could help some people. on the other hand, music isn't going to change the world. It's not the thing that's going to make life better.

"On a nasty day it might make you feel a little emotionally better, or it might upset you, but as far as feeding any hungry children or dealing with apartheid, it can't do anything that really matters."

At which point I get the signal from Chaka's personal assistant to wind up the interview. I try to think of one last question, but it's no use. The image of this brilliant singer and artist manipulated by the omniscient "*they*" won't leave my mind. The "*they*" that force MOR ballads on to your album, the "*they*" that see sex and not talent as the way of selling records.

I thank Chaka for her time and effort. After all, she really had no reason to do the interview in the circumstances. As she points out when I leave: "You know, *they* told me not to open my mouth unless I was getting paid for it!"

Can't say I left a tip...

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Watch out for GENERAL PUBLIC touring in May

While their brilliant debut album sleeps, Scottish sensation the BLUE NILE plan new projects. CHRIS STAFFORD talks with ROGER BELL, and watches the river flow.

(Pic: SL/LFI)

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

IF THERE's any one record that's haunted our turntable in the last year, impressing all visitors and echoing every mood, it's *A Walk Across The Rooftops*. In fact I'd go as far as to say that long after the hue and cry has died down on the over-hyped sensations of recent times, the music of the Blue Nile will occupy a special and permanent place in the lives of the comparatively few listeners that it has so far reached. Quite simply, this album is a gem. I would defy anybody with an open mind, who is even vaguely interested in where moderne muzik is headed, not to be seduced by it.

A Walk Across The Rooftops was described by producer Steve Lillywhite as the best debut album of the last five years. Well, his time scale's a bit conservative, and he could easily have omitted the qualifying word "debut" — this is work of such consummate skill and maturity that any artist of ten years' standing would be proud to lay claim to it. But it's praise indeed for a trio of retiring Glasgow ex-students who have never played live, either singly or as a unit, who have been courted by the biggies like RSO and Virgin before settling for the latter, and who have earned paeans aplenty from the pundits and panjandrums of this fickle industry.

A year after its release, the album is still selling slowly but steadily — in the manner in which it was created. When I spoke to one of the band, Robert Bell, he seemed quietly bemused by their modest success, and not especially surprised that someone ten thousand miles away and twelve months later should want to talk about this stayer of a record — what the business calls a "sleeper".

"It seems to be the same everywhere. It's taken a long time to 'go', but it still seems to be selling as much as it did in the first week. That's OK for us, because already it's stood up to our expectations. It was very much a small affair, an independent. We didn't have a release for it, so we were expecting to sell a couple of thousand copies and be happy with that."

Briefly, the Blue Nile story goes like this. Three students — Bell (mathematics, later a freelance journalist), Paul Buchanan (Eng. Lit.) and Paul Moore (electronics and fine art!) — meet at Glasgow University and begin playing music together. After graduation, they continue their part-time partnership while pursuing their individual careers. An independent single is picked up by RSO. This minor coup prompts the embryonic group to spend a year starving and working fulltime on their songs, with the eventual aim of financing their own album at Edinburgh's famed Castlesound Studios. Meanwhile, Scottish company Linn Products — manufacturers of top-of-the-line hi-fi equipment — are planning to open a record cutting plant. They ask Castlesound for "some tapes to practise on". The best of the bunch is the Blue Nile demo.

Said Robert: "Linn weren't in the market for making records or anything; they just liked the way we went about our business, we had certain ideas in common. So they quite happily gave us a bit of the money to finance our first album. They then left us alone to complete it, so after a period of some months we had our album — but we really didn't know what to do with it.

"It was one of *those* affairs," he added, laughing; "it was strictly amateurish. We weren't a record company, we weren't even a real band! Then Virgin got wind of it — somebody's done an album independently in Scotland, and they wanted to be in on it. So it all happened very quickly after the event."

IT'S a marriage made in heaven: band seeks deal, record company scores a free completed album. But this fortuitous chain of events meant that there were no men with cigars prodding the product, running it up the flagpole, forecasting unit sales and worrying about how to promote a record from a band that was little more than a free-floating concept, a figment of three men's imagination. The Blue Nile had stolen a march on the industry — it was fait accompli. As the old joke has it, *Rooftops* wasn't released, it *escaped*.

"We had the album all finished, the sleeve all done. It was mastered and out of the way before anyone could say anything. So really we had the basic control over it, no-one else knew about it. But that was OK, it meant that no-one could sort of have a poke at it."

And thank God for that. For the result is a stunning, hypnotic panorama of the music of the city. Distant sounds of traffic, of shipyards, of chimes — a snatch of disco, a chill wind of wintry synthesisers, the concrete and glass of drums and strings. And true to the band's name, there are exotic touches. Even the silences are as elegant and as eloquent as a Japanese print. The music captures oriental subtleties of stillness and space that elude most modern Western musicians, with the possible exceptions of Brian Eno, David Sylvian and Rupert Hine.

Rising above this highly polished techno soundscape (courtesy of the Linn backroom boffins), is Paul Buchanan's voice — urgent, doubting, triumphantly *human*, an instrument that doesn't shy away from passion, sadness and vulnerability. Through the busy jangling shapes of *Rags To Riches*, the fragile, glassy surfaces of *Tinseltown in The Rain* and *Stay*, the vocals carry a romantic appeal to the emotions that stays with the listener long after the fascination with the intricate perfection of the recording fades.

"I think we might as well come clean — yes, we are romantics. We decide what a song wants on an emotional basis. When it gets to a certain stage, when it has a certain feeling, then we stop and say, 'That's complete'. We never judge anything on a technical basis — that would be rather a redundant exercise. In no way is the record a Pink Floyd job, a state-of-the-art recording. I don't think we view it in any terms like that. If it's got a feeling, then we go with it."

But the resulting *sound* is certainly state-of-the-art...

"Well, we take that as a good and useful by-product. But to have that and not have the feeling, I would say it hadn't worked."

It would also seem a redundant exercise (isn't it always?) to make film clips, as the music and lyrics of the Blue Nile have a visual impact that is almost cinematic. Robert ascribed that to their slow, painstaking recording process.

"To get us all going in the one direction, we talk a lot about the material. We try to visualise if it needs a locality. In order to make the song work, you have to be interested in that as well as do the things that need to be done. You try to create a scenario, and if that works in a small way, then I would judge it a success... Video is the one area we're still learning about. We did try to visualise a scene, but I think our scenes would be too expensive to film anyway!"

Although they've received a lot of offers to tour, the main priority at present is the second album. As the band was augmented for the first album by a percussionist from the London Philharmonic (Nigel Thomas) and another keyboardist (Calum Malcolm), touring would mean either a large ensemble or the use of backing tapes. Neither prospect is appealing. Besides, the Blue Nile's actual working methods don't exactly lend themselves to an easy adaptation to the live situation.

"We don't record as a band as such. We tend not to do a bass/drums/piano/guitar thing and then overlay — we tend to do one thing at a time. We also try and view the whole song. We aren't multi-instrumentalists but we do swap over each other's instruments, so there's a certain amount of come and go. I mean, I play pretty mainly bass, but I'm quite happy for anybody else to have a go at it. That takes the pressure off you to come up with the goods. It's democracy at work. We don't consider ourselves big musicians or anything; I think we'd like to keep our amateur status by dabbling."

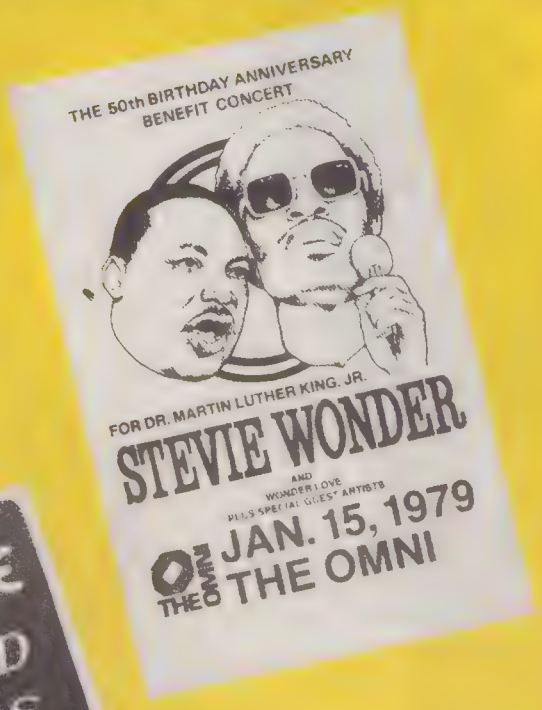
Call this *dabbling*? It's perhaps this lack of sophistication that has enabled the Blue Nile to produce music of such subtlety and balance — musicians more technically gifted might have overloaded the structure with unnecessary detail, causing it to collapse through the sheer weight of virtuosic display.

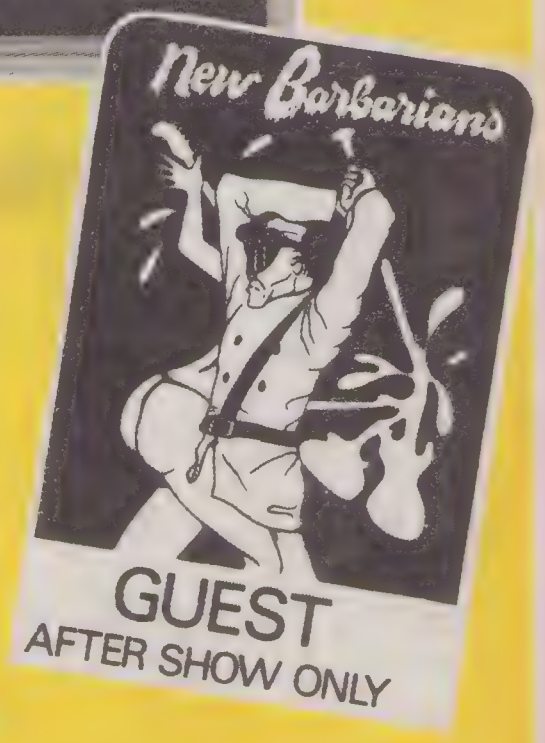
Another advantage of the leisurely approach is the stockpiling of new material, which at once means a freedom of choice and an embarrassment of riches. The trio has between them enough songs for another two albums, which at this rate will keep them in the studio for years. It would seem the Blue Nile shows no sign of drying up. One way of dealing with the backlog, joked Robert, would be for them each to do a solo album — "a triple boxed set". And if *A Walk Across The Rooftops* is what they can come up with on the breadline, think of what they could do with the small amount of freedom and financial security they now enjoy. At least they've been able to quit their day jobs.

"We've all had long periods of unemployment in between our more glamorous occupations," mused Robert. "Now we can at least eat properly and behave like normal people. Before *Rooftops*, it certainly wasn't possible. The small success of the first album means we can go on to do a second. That's the important thing — that we can keep going."

TICKET TO THE INNER SANCTUM

Or... Riding on the Backstage Pass, with PHIL TRIPP as Tour Guide.





Passes courtesy PHIL TRIPP, SHOW TRAVEL & MIDNIGHT OIL

THE STAGE PASS is a unique piece of rock art and a still evolving form of memorabilia that has come into its own in the past few decades. From the first pieces of paper safety-pinned onto T-shirts, through the various species of self-adhesive crack'n'peel rock'n'roll monotone creations to today's obligatory four-colour, die-cut or laminated tags, the stage pass is now a valued collector's item.

The backstage pass has always been an object of possession or envy for those who wanted to be a part of the exclusive scene — watching a concert from below and to the side of a stage, engaging in oral or nasal persuasions or just simply hanging out. It's even been passed as rock'n'roll currency — serving as a barter tool for hotel upgrades, food and booze discounts, drug transactions or inducements to perform unnatural acts.

It used to be so simple to get backstage before the days of Woodstock and idol worshipping. Often a business card or the right words would be enough, but as groupies and guitar thieves perfected their various areas of specialisation, a new form of security device had to evolve.

Enter the self-adhesive paper and cloth generation of stage pass, which supplanted the taped or pinned scraps of paper that once served as the concert qualifier. With the subsequent introduction of paper crack'n'peel passes, it was soon discovered that self-adhesive cloth would stick better to the wide range of clothing — T-shirts to spandex — favoured by de rigueur rockpersons.

From simple black and white renditions of a band's name to laser-scanned duplications of their latest album cover, the art of passes progressed. The *power* of passes evolved on parallel lines — in the 70s, an 'access all areas' pass guaranteed similar access to a wide range of the wearer's talents — from the physical to the chemical. Many times, major tours were saved by the canny trading of stage passes for various stimulants, and a huge black market grew.

Before the dawn of tour jackets, embroidered baseball caps and leather-bound contract riders, the stage pass was a key to rock mobility. Walking works of art posing as briefcases — from mini-Anvil roadboxes (used for packing amps and eventually made into attache cases) to sleek aluminium/gilded Halliburton photographic carry-alls — were splattered with an illustrated history of the carrier's career. Layers of passes could be peeled back to reveal a veritable travelogue, and so the 'rock'n'roll briefcase' became a vital fashion accessory for the image-conscious rock poseur.

STAGE PASSES came to be traded like football cards, and were soon bootlegged by unscrupul members of the music business fringe. In the US in tl 70s, two companies battled for the stage pass busine — T. Otto Printing in Cleveland, Ohio and the Ego Tr Stage Pass Company, based in Atlanta. Each had a lc on certain acts and agencies, and were highly competitive in their pursuit of what eventually becam goldmine.

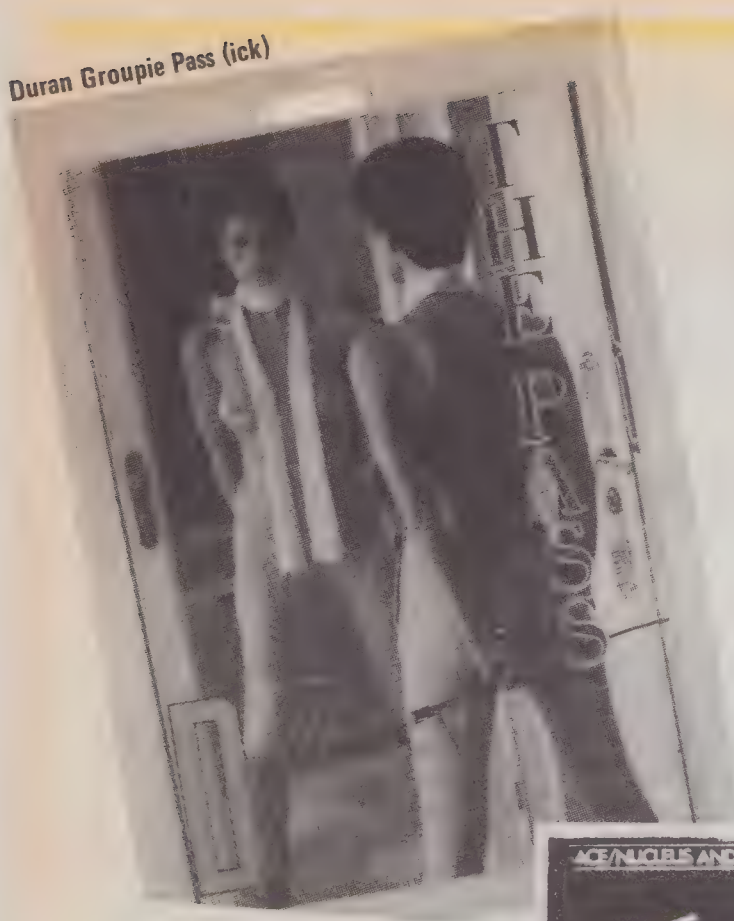
It was not unusual for a band doing a 50-date tour t order 10,000 cloth passes, and fly in the company rep with a Polaroid photo ID camera and laminator to mal plastic passes on the first day of the tour. Each conce would use up to 200 passes or more. They came in several forms — stage pass, backstage pass, guest pa VIP pass, groupie pass (the ELO 'Space Cadet' pass is an example) and the obligatory after-show pass (with no dressing room access).

But the technology of stage passes hardly ends with fancy cloth stickers and photo laminates. The future o stage passes as an institution and industry is assured with *these* notable breakthroughs...

THE GLOW-IN-THE-DARK PASS — For use after the lights are down, these passes have a photoluminescen dye in the ink that causes them to fluoresce for a perio Much better than day glo under the black light!

THE BLOW AND NO-NARC STAGE PASS — Impregnated with copious amounts of cocaine or amphetamines, simple scraping with a knife or razor blade yields that after-show boost needed to perform superhuman feats.

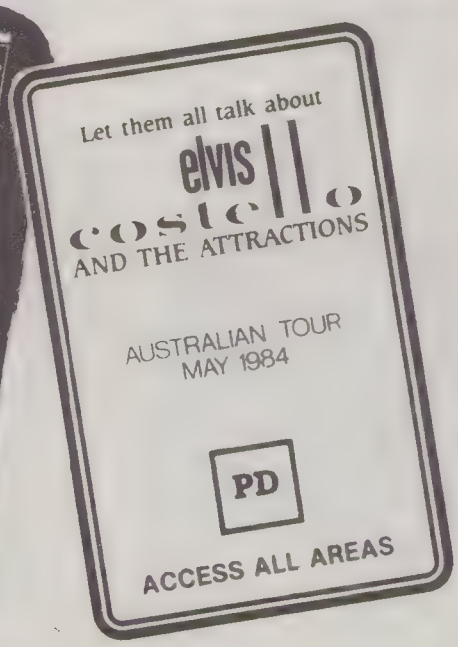
Duran Groupie Pass (ick)



ACE PRESENTS

BACKSTAGE PASS

ACCESS ALL AREAS



THE BAND-AID STAGE PASS — With a gauze pad in the centre of the pass soaked in copious amounts of antibiotics, these passes can be used to dress wounds or supply skin-absorbed protection against venereal disease.

STAGE PASTIES — A three-part pass that can be segmented and placed over various, er, private parts.

DEODORANT STAGE PASS — Worn in the armpits of particularly offensive roadies, these incorporate a powerful antiperspirant and perfume.

SCRATCH'n'SNIFF STAGE PASS — When rubbed with a hard object, these emit the odour of the day. Comes in a variety of smells, including amyl nitrate. Also known as the 'popper pass' or 'odorama pass'.

THE PYROTECHNIC PASS — Will burst into a shower of sparks and smoke if the wearer strays too close to a flash pod or other stage fireworks device.

TATTOO-A-PASS — For especially *looonnnggg* tours, or permanent staff. Considered to be the state of the art.

THE BAR CODE PASS — Read by a laser scanner much like groceries.

THE HOLOGRAPHIC PASS — Also laser-activated. Envelopes the wearer in a 3-D glow reminiscent of the coming of Christ!

... Which seems an appropriately high note on which to end this article, pending divine retribution.

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IT'S COLD. *Very* cold, for L.A. at least. Heavy snowfall drapes the surrounding mountains, the threat of icy rain hangs heavy in the air, smog is some vague rumour put out by the New York City chamber of commerce, and there's the uneasy feeling that all that doomsday talk about a new Ice Age just may be true.

But none of this is bothering Bryan Adams today. It could be because he's Canadian and is used to treating cold as a near-everyday occurrence — not as some foreign, angry god. But more than likely, this 25-year-old singer/songwriter is inured to the weather because, in the very Hollywood sense of the word, he is very hot indeed. With two big singles (*Run To You, Somebody*), a Top 10 album (*Reckless*), and the authorship on the Northern Lights' (aka Canadian Band-Aid) *Tears Are Not Enough* to his credit, he has a lot to keep him warm on frigid winter nights.

If that's not enough, his recent swing through American concert halls proved pop fans were interested in the face behind the hits, and after that, he headed off to Europe to open for Tina Turner. *She* just happens to appear on *Reckless*, duetting on *It's Only Love*.

So if Bryan's not upset about the weather, what has he got to complain about? Plenty, though it can really be boiled down into one word: Critics. Ol' Bryan is not only this year's new face for most pop fans, but he is this year's John Cougar Mellencamp, Journey, Toto, Boring Young Fart (take your pick) to most critics. All of which makes Adams — a purveyor of yer basic working class rock which seems to go down so well in that vast kingdom known as Suburbia — very defensive and edgy.

"I get lots of critical recognition," he says, with an intense stare that tends to undermine the extremely boyish image his jeans and T-shirt give him in a back office of A&M Records. "A lot of it's negative. But I don't particularly worry about it. The point is people are really happy listening to my songs. Radio likes my music... Hey, that's why I came here. I'm not a critic's darling, and I don't intend to be — I didn't come here to try and make some guy with four eyes happy."

Thanks, Bry. As I'm wearing glasses at the time, it occurs to me that this isn't the best way to get into an interview. He later apologises, and I'm forced to agree that the type of music he plays — unless it's done by Springsteen or Seger — rarely gets any critical recognition, no matter how well-done.

"Hey, I like Laurie Anderson," he claims loudly, as if he has to prove he's not permanently living in some timewarp marked 1975. "Bless her. I like a lot of those strange New York-type bands that always get the critical acclaim, but I think that if there wasn't a diversity in music — if everything were like that — it would really be boring. So to have songs with good melodies and strong beats is a lot more attractive to me."

And melodies and hooks abound through all of Adams' work. *Reckless*, though better produced, is merely an extension of what he has been doing since he moved to Vancouver with his British parents and joined Sweeney Todd (a band which also spawned Nick *'Hot Child In The City'* Gilder) at the age of 16. In 1977, he met his songwriting partner Jim Vallance and immediately began selling songs to Bachman-Turner Overdrive, Kiss, Loverboy, Bob Welch and others. In 1980, he released his first solo album — aptly titled *Bryan Adams* — and though it had a marked disco r'n'b influence (*Don't Ya Say It* could easily have come out of a stray Boz Scaggs session), it set the pattern for his career: crisply played guitar rock about girls, rock, and more girls.

After his first album was stillborn, he considered calling his second effort *Bryan Adams Hasn't Heard of You Either*, but instead settled on *You Want It, You Got It*. He earned a loyal AOR cult following, which paved the way for the breakthrough of *Cuts Like A Knife* in 1983, and the knockout punch of *Reckless*.

As he is more than just a mouthpiece for someone else's lyrical sentiments, it could be wondered if he gets tired of returning to the same themes. "We fooled around with things in the beginnings of our careers, you know. We found that the best thing we could do was to follow our instincts; do what was most comfortable for us. And the most comfortable for us is rock'n'roll music. That's what we were brought up on, white r'n'b. I've tried to write (black) r'n'b songs, and I can't. Sorry."

(Pix: LFI)

Though he comes across deadly serious on record and in interview, BRYAN ADAMS insists he has a healthy sense of humour. CARY DARLING is yet to be convinced...

IT ALWAYS seemed that Canadian pop writers could offer unique insights into what it's like to be Canadian, as opposed to just being blandly North American. Though there are a few exceptions, be it the nouveau dance rock of Rough Trade, M&M, Men Without Hats and the Parachute Club or the meat-and-potatoes rock of Triumph, Saga, Mahogany Rush, Queen City Kids, BTO, Loverboy, Kick Axe, the Payolas, Rush — there appears to be little pop which is distinctly Canadian. Does the Guess Who's *American Woman* remain the sole comment on U.S./Canadian relations?

"I don't like to categorise myself as the guy who sings about Arctic wastelands. I like to sing about things that people everywhere can understand," he reasons.

But if there's one thing he doesn't understand, it's the suggestion that rock and politics can be combined. Another thing which mystifies him is the mere whisper that he plays mainstream rock.

"What's mainstream? Madonna's mainstream, for Christ's sake. I don't think you can categorise. U2's now mainstream. So what the fuck?" he says, with the vague hint of a Canadian accent, obviously perturbed and perplexed. "It's all music, and it's all music that people like and there's nothing wrong with that. There's nothing wrong with being commercial. There's nothing wrong with a three-minute tune that gets you off. I love going to a party and hearing Supremes records, and they are as commercial as hell! What the fuck, I love 'em. I don't understand people always getting down on people who write songs about love — but love is the only thing that happens to keep this world going.

"People say 'Why don't you write about politics?' Well, who cares man?Who cares what some guy in fucking Indonesia thinks about politics? That's not what I'm here for."

But, he admits, small amounts of politics have slipped into his music. "In *Somebody*, I say *'When you're out on the front line and you're watching them fall/It doesn't take long to realise it ain't worth fighting for.'* Okay, I'm political, thank you. In *One Good Reason* (off *You Want It...*), I said I'm getting pretty nervous now that Ronnie's in the office. Hey, that's as political as I'm going to get!"

As you might have guessed, Adams is most assuredly *not* tired of writing about many of the same themes, or in the same style.

"I'm always searching for new ways of coming into a chorus, but believe me, for all the time I've listened to songs, it's the same arrangements: verse, chorus, verse, chorus. If you go back and listen to Rogers and Hammerstein, you listen to Lennon and McCartney, and you listen to Donald Fagen and Walter Becker, they all do the same thing. There's no big difference. The thing is they've taken a lyric or a melody and given it their own personal twist, and that's what makes it unique. Critics always say 'Hmm, sounds like patented Adams or patented rock'n'roll formula music.' What the hell is Chuck Berry? There are a lot of things you can derive from your roots, but it feels right to go verse-chorus. I'm not going to screw with that. I like that."

He also likes the fact that many of his songs have what he calls "attitude".

"*Cuts Like A Knife* is a real solid song because people remember the title, they remember the song. It's those hooklines and those little storyboards you write out for your songs — that to me is *attitude*. Attitude in the context of what we're trying to represent."

Glancing around the office, he spies a magazine with Boy George's face peering out. "If I was him, I wouldn't be singing a song like *Cuts Like A Knife*." He throws the magazine down, with an air of disgust.

Adams' "attitude" is on display the next night at the Hollywood Palladium, the first of two sold-out nights, in front of 4,400 people. For the first half of his set, Adams is thankfully free of pretence. Dressed in an anonymous long-sleeve white shirt, jeans and sneakers, and with his honey-blond hair cut in an All-American way, Adams looks like he was on his way home from school, took a wrong detour, and ended up at the Palladium. He plays his music with little of the fuss or sense of phony grandeur that plagues most arena rockers. But the fact that this *is* male-oriented, AOR rock comes crashing home when during *Take Me Back*, he delivers a rap about a girlfriend leaving him only to come crawling back later, begging Bryan to take her back. Being the man that he is, he tells her to 'Fuck off!', to roaring approval from the crowd. And in *Kids Wanna Rock*, he displays his anti-dance music banner proudly with such lines as

'Turned on the radio/Sounded like a disco/Musta turned the dial for a coupla miles/But I couldn't find no rock'n'roll/This computerised crap ain't getting me off/Everywhere I go, the kids wanna rock.'

But Adams chalks this all up to his sense of humour. "Everything's tongue in cheek," he says. "I think it's good to have a sense of humour. If you can't take it as humour, then fuck 'em if they can't take a joke."

What isn't a joke is what seems to be his subtle image shift over the years. On his first album — and this is still so in person and onstage — he was the gangly kid in jeans and tennis shoes. But with *Cuts Like A Knife* and *Reckless*, he suddenly became a leather-clad would-be rock and roll rebel.

"I have a bunch of them and I've always worn them," he says of his leather jackets. "I remember reading this thing in a magazine on how Bryan Adams' image has been marketed by the record company. They developed him and made him into this guy, which is absolute horseshit because I've always been the same guy since day one.

"Whether my music and my ideas have changed is irrelevant. I'm still the same hoser who came from North Vancouver. I've always worn shitty looking jeans. I happen to like them. And I happen to really like leather jackets because I really feel comfortable in them. And I don't have to make excuses for the way I look. Never have, never will."

Perhaps not surprising for someone always knocked around by the press, Adams is reticent in talking about his life outside music. Inquiring about hobbies in which he indulges at home in Vancouver earns a quick "Drive my car or hang out with my babe or go see a film or work my garden. I'm pretty easy-going."

But the one thing that gets him to smiling is talking about the success he's had with music. After years of enduring others doing his songs, he can now turn on the radio and hear himself. "I still get thrilled to death when I hear it," he smiles.

But the interview ends right where it began, with critics. "I don't mind honest criticism if that's what it is — honest criticism," he acknowledges. "I like these articles that say 'The singing is average, the songs are shit, but it happens to be the most played record in America.' Well, at least they got one thing right."

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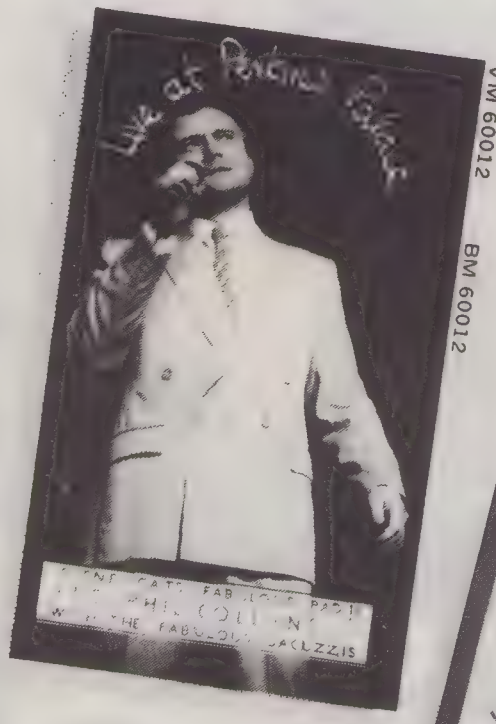

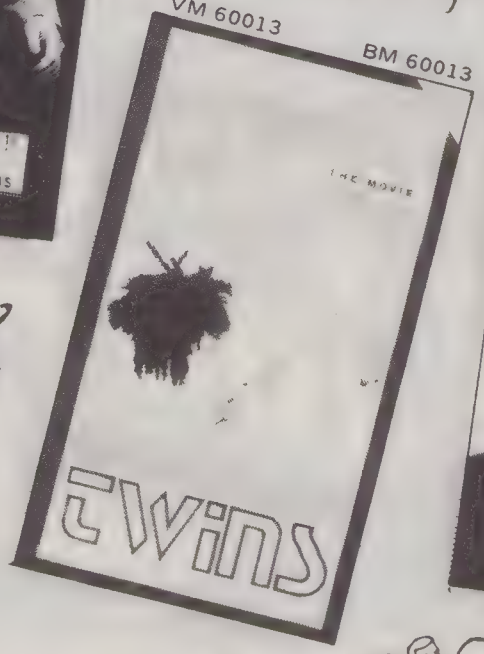

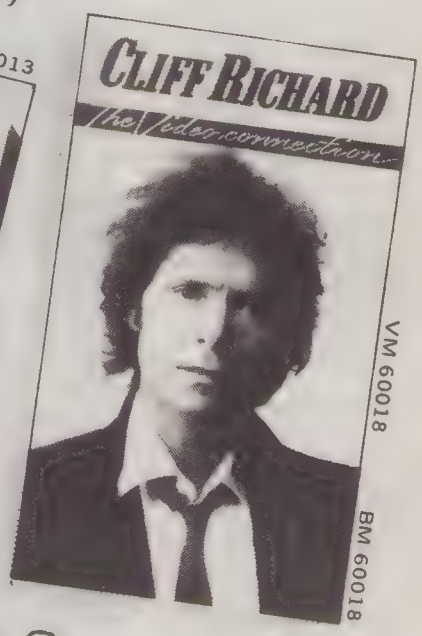

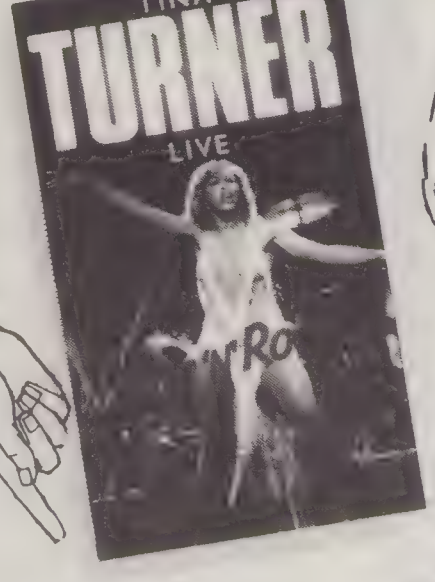

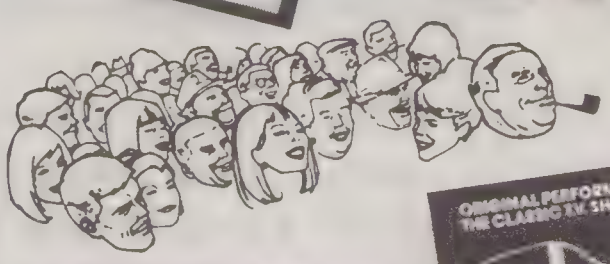

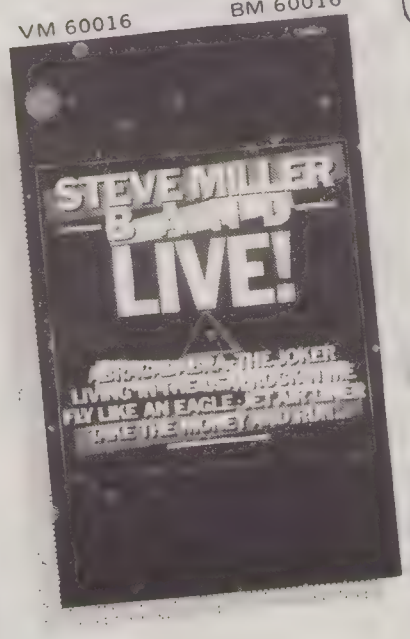

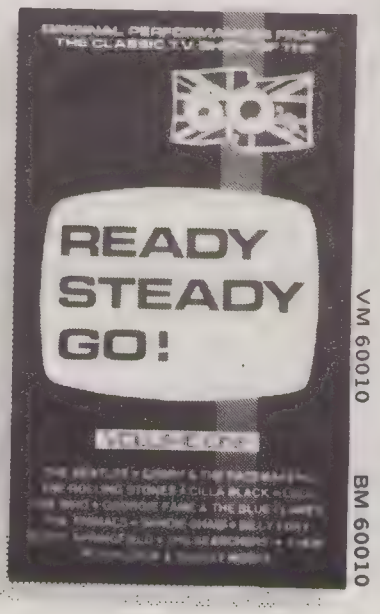

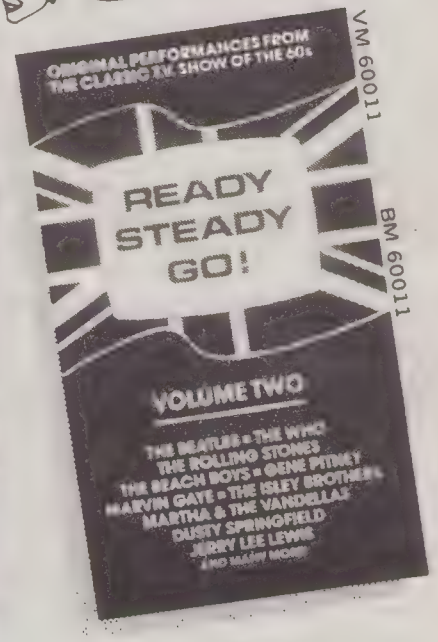
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4	2	2	I'M TALKING	Trust Me	Regular
5	—	5	SHINDIGGERS	Baby Let's Go	Preston
6	4	2	THE JOHNNYS	Buzzsaw Baby	Green
7	3	1	LIME SPIDERS	Slave Girl	Citadel
8	9	2	GANG GAJANG	Gimme Some Lovin'	Mercury
9	—	9	VICIOUS CIRCLE	Searchin' For The Solution	Reactor
10	8	3	DIED PRETTY	Mirror Blues	Citadel
11	10	10	MILKY BAR KIDS	Flaming Star	Regular
12	14	6	HUNTERS & COLLECTORS	Throw Your Arms Around Me	White
13	7	7	JIMMY BARNES	Daylight	Mushroom
14	11	1	SCREAMING TRIBESMEN	A Stand Alone	Citadel
15	RE	7	LOVS E BLUR	No Way	Custom
16	5	1	LIPSTICK KILLERS	Sockman	Vi-Nil
17	13	11	UPS & DOWNS	Living Inside My Head	Basket Case
18	—	18	FLAMING HANDS	Out Of Our Hands	Big Time
19	—	19	BILLY BAXTER	Too Late To Turn Back Now	Spirit
20	15	11	MENTAL AS ANYTHING	Apocalypso	Regular

TF	LF	HP	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	3	1	VARIOUS	Regular Rockabilly	Regular
2	1	1	THE GO-BETWEENS	Spring Hill Fair	Sire
3	2	1	MIDNIGHT OIL	Red Sails In The Sunset	CBS
4	4	1	LIPSTICK KILLERS	Mesmerizer	Citadel
5	5	5	THE ANGELS	Two Minute Warning	Mushroom
6	7	7	LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS	Tales Of The Unexpected	HOT
7	11	5	INXS	The Swing	WEA
8	6	6	SPK	Machine Age Voodoo	Elektra
9	9	1	WET TAXIS	From The Archives	HOT
10	8	4	HOODOO GURUS	Stoneage Romeos	Big Time
11	—	11	BLACK SORROWS	Rockin' Zydeco	Mushroom
12	RE	2	THE TRIFFIDS	Raining Pleasure	HOT
13	RE	6	JIMMY BARNES	Bodyswerve	Mushroom
14	17	3	SACRED COWBOYS	We Love You	Manmade
15	RE	5	LAUGHING CLOWNS	History Of Rock'n'Roll	HOT
16	19	7	I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVY	St. Kilda's Alright	Manmade
17	—	17	THE MOFFS	The Moffs	Moffs
18	10	9	COLD CHISEL	Barking Spiders Live '83	WEA
19	RE	11	VARIOUS	No Worries	HOT
20	15	15	NOT DROWNING WAVING	Another Pond	Rampant

The information for these charts was supplied by shops in Brisbane, Sydney, Canberra, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth. © Haywire Productions 1985.

MAINSTREAM JIVE

TF	LF	HP	TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL
1	1	1	I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS	Foreigner	WEA
2	3	2	ONE NIGHT IN BANGKOK	Murray Head	RCA
3	15	3	THE BOYS OF SUMMER	Don Henley	CBS
4	4	3	TI AMO	Laura Branigan	WEA
5	9	4	BORN IN THE USA	Bruce Springsteen	CBS
6	—	6	SHOUT	Tears For Fears	POL
7	7	6	THE NEVERENDING STORY	Limahl	EMI
8	14	8	TRUST ME	I'm Talking	WEA
9	—	9	NEUTRON DANCE	The Pointer Sisters	RCA
10	—	10	I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER	Jim Diamond	FES
11	2	2	EVERYTHING SHE WANTS/ LAST CHRISTMAS	Wham!	CBS
12	16	9	THE OLD MAN DOWN THE ROAD	John Fogerty	WEA
13	—	13	JUST ANOTHER NIGHT	Mick Jagger	CBS
14	—	14	STRUT	Sheena Easton	EMI
15	—	15	LOVERBOY	Billy Ocean	EMI
16	6	5	SEXCRIME (1984)	Eurythmics	RCA
17	5	4	THE RIDDLE	Nik Kershaw	WEA
18	20	15	THE BELL OF ST. MARK	Sheila E.	WEA
19	—	19	INVISIBLE	Alison Moyet	CBS
20	13	13	DAYLIGHT	Jimmy Barnes	FES

TF	LF	HP	TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL
1	1	1	BORN IN THE USA	Bruce Springsteen	CBS
2	3	2	SHE'S SO UNUSUAL	Cyndi Lauper	CBS
3	4	3	CENTREFIELD	John Fogerty	WEA
4	2	2	AGENT PROVOCATEUR	Foreigner	WEA
5	—	5	SHE'S THE BOSS	Mick Jagger	CBS
6	15	6	BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST	Don Henley	CBS
7	9	1	LIKE A VIRGIN	Madonna	WEA
8	5	5	TWO MINUTE WARNING	Angels	Mushroom
9	10	9	ALF	Alison Moyet	CBS
10	7	1	MAKE IT BIG	Wham!	CBS
11	6	1	RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET	Midnight Oil	CBS
12	8	4	WELCOME TO THE PLEASUREDOME	Frankie Goes To Hollywood	FES
13	11	3	DIAMOND LIFE	Sade	CBS
14	14	4	PRIVATE DANCER	Tina Turner	FES
15	—	15	CHINESE WALLS	Philip Bailey	CBS
16	13	13	THE COLLECTION	Ultravox	Chrysalis
17	20	1	THE SWING	INXS	WEA
18	12	10	TROPICO	Pat Benatar	FES
19	—	1	CAN'T SLOW DOWN	Lionel Richie	RCA
20	16	2	CRAWL FILE	Australian Crawl	EMI

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NEW RELEASES

SINGLES

THE BLACK SORROWS* Shape I'm In (FES)
THE ROCKMELONS* ..... Time Out (For Serious Fun) (FES)
DAVID BOWIE & PAT METHENY GROUP ..... This Is Not America (EMI)
NON-STOP DANCERS* . Mobbing Me (EMI)
PAINTERS AND DOCKERS* ... Basia (EMI)
THE DEL FUEGOS ..... I Should Be The One (EMI)
MENTAL AS ANYTHING* ..... You're So Strong (WEA)
STEVIE WONDER . Don't Drive Drunk (RCA)
THE SAINTS* ..... Angels (RCA)
SPY V. SPY* ..... One Of A Kind (RCA)
THINK PINK ..... In And Out Of Love (RCA)
THE DAINTEES ..... Trouble Town (POL)
KAM-SHA* .... Work Until You Drop (POL)
TWISTED SISTER ..... The Price (WEA)
JULUKA ..... Fever (WEA)
ARVO* ..... Picture In The Paper (CBS)
THE NARCS* ..... Heart And Soul (CBS)
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN . I'm On Fire (CBS)
BOSS* ..... Shake It (RCA)
JOHN KENNEDY* ..... Miracle In Marrickville (Waterfront)

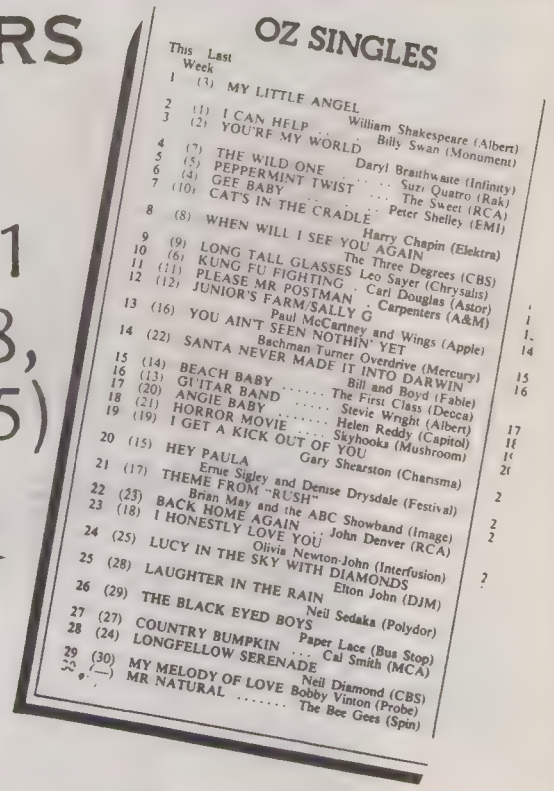
ALBUMS

TRACY ULLMAN You Caught Me Out (FES)
BRYAN ADAMS ..... Reckless (FES)
XAVION ..... Burnin' Hot (POL)
ORANGE JUICE ..... Orange Juice (POL)
ROBERT QUINE AND FRED MAHER ..... Basic (POL)
JIMMY SMITH ..... The Cat (POL)
STRANGE TENANTS* Take One Step (EMI)
TAO ..... Live In Ecstacy (EMI)
JOE SOUTH ... Don't It Make You WannaGo Home (EMI)
BOB SEGER ..... Seven (EMI)
WILLIE NELSON .. Willie Or Won't He (EMI)
CHUCK BERRY .. Chucky Berry: Live (EMI)
JOHNNY CASH/JERRY LEE LEWIS ..... Sunday Down South (EMI)
VARIOUS ..... Four Of A Kind (EMI)
THE TOY DOLLS ..... Dig That Groove Baby (EMI)
ERIC CARMEN ..... Eric Carmen (CBS)
SURVIVOR ..... Vital Signs (CBS)
THE CULT ..... Dreamtime (RCA)
THE NAILS ..... Mood Swing (RCA)
DEBARGE ..... In A Special Way (RCA)
FOUR TOPS ... Back Where I Belong (RCA)

*** Denotes Australasian Artist**

TEN YEARS AGO

(RAM No.1 — March 8, 1975)


OZ SINGLES
This Week
Last Week
1 (3) MY LITTLE ANGEL
2 (1) I CAN HELP
3 (2) YOU'RE MY WORLD
4 (7) THE WILD ONE
5 (5) PEPPERMINT TWIST
6 (4) GEE BABY
7 (10) CAT'S IN THE CRADLE
8 (8) WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN
9 (9) LONG TALL GLASSES
10 (6) KUNG FU FIGHTING
11 (11) PLEASE MR POSTMAN
12 (12) JUNIOR'S FARM/SALLY G
13 (16) YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET
14 (22) SANTA NEVER MADE IT INTO DARWIN
15 (14) BEACH BABY
16 (13) GUITAR BAND
17 (20) ANGIE BABY
18 (21) HORROR MOVIE
19 (19) I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU
20 (15) HEY PAULA
21 (17) THEME FROM "RUSH"
22 (23) BACK HOME AGAIN
23 (18) I HONESTLY LOVE YOU
24 (25) LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS
25 (28) LAUGHTER IN THE RAIN
26 (29) THE BLACK EYED BOYS
27 (27) COUNTRY BUMPKIN
28 (24) LONGFELLOW SERENADE
29 (30) MY MELODY OF LOVE
30 (—) MR NATURAL
William Shakespeare (Albert)
Billy Swan (Monument)
Daryl Braithwaite (Infinity)
Suzi Quatro (Rak)
The Sweet (RCA)
Peter Shelley (EMI)
Harry Chapin (Elektra)
The Three Degrees (CBS)
Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
Carl Douglas (Astor)
Carpenters (A&M)
Paul McCartney and Wings (Apple)
Bachman Turner Overdrive (Mercury)
Bill and Boyd (Fable)
The First Class (Decca)
Stevie Wright (Albert)
Helen Reddy (Capitol)
Skyhooks (Mushroom)
Gary Shearston (Charisma)
Ernie Sigley and Denise Drysdale (Festival)
Brian May and the ABC Showband (Image)
John Denver (RCA)
Olivia Newton-John (Interfusion)
Elton John (DJM)
Neil Sedaka (Polydor)
Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
Cal Smith (MCA)
Neil Diamond (CBS)
Bobby Vinton (Probe)
The Bee Gees (Spin)

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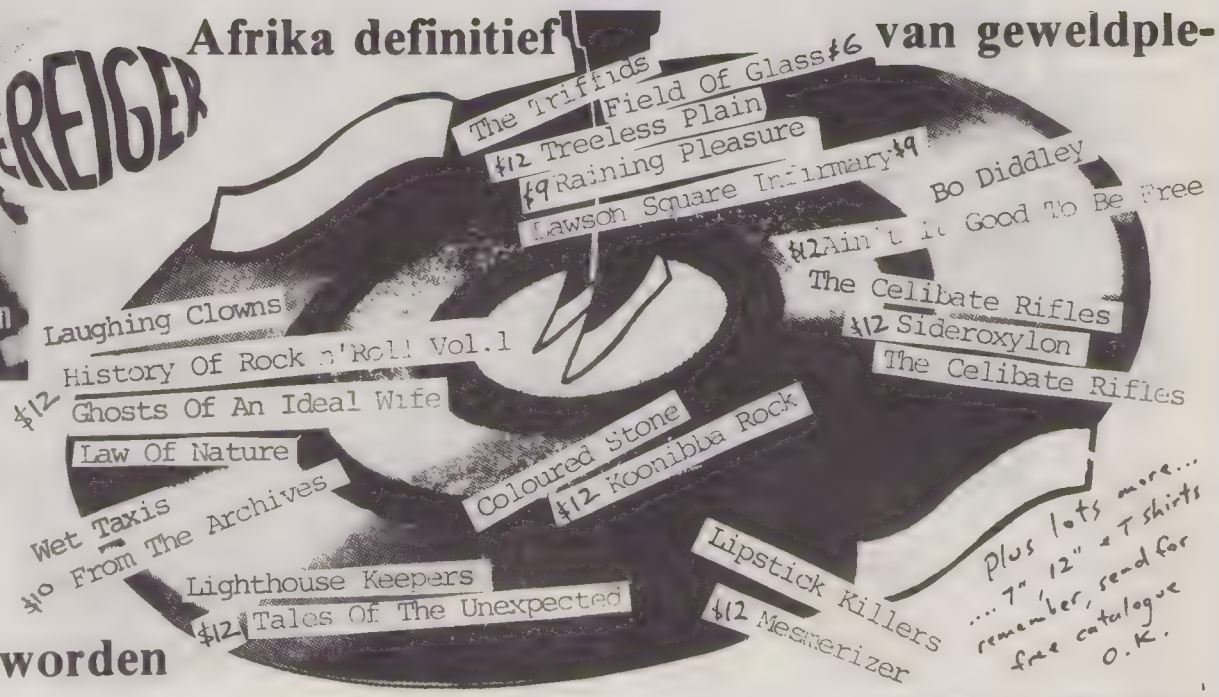

Phil Collins

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17 Chevron
18 All Nations Club
20 Drummoyne Rowing
21 Piccadilly Hotel
22 Hotel Bondi
23 Palais
25 All Nations Club

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15 Syd. Trade Union Club
16 Sans Souci Hotel
21 Carmens
22 Revesby Workers

FLAMING HANDS
20 West. Sub. Leagues
21 Caringbah Inn
22 Campbelltown Leagues
23 Manzil
24 Avalon RSL
27 Tivoli

FOREVER FIFETEEN
20 St. George Sailing
22 Floyds (ACT)
23 Caringbah Inn
25 Epping Hotel
27 Sweethearts

FRAMES
23 Hills Inn Hotel

GEISHA DETAIL
19 Manzil
24 Nth. Syd. Leagues

GENERATION
15 West Ryde Hotel
16 Hotel Bondi
17 Chester Hill Hotel
19 Sheilas
20 Cock And Bull
21 Bull And Bush
22 Hornsby RSL
23 Hotel Bondi
24 Revesby Pacific Hotel
26 Sheilas
27 Cock And Bull
28 Hotel Bondi

GIMIX
20 Canb. Labour Club (ACT)
21 Royals Rugby (ACT)
22 Canb. Labour Club (ACT)
23 Royals Rugby (ACT)
24 Manuka Rugby (ACT)

THE BOB HANLY BAND
22 Jewel's Tav.

HERDSMEN
15 Hotel Bondi
16 Bankstown RSL
28 Banjo's

HI—PERFORMANCE
15 Griffith Tramps
23 Leeton Soldiers

HOI POLLOI
16 Syd. Cove Tav.

HUNGRY YOUNG MEN
17 Caringbah Inn
18 Didis

IN CROWD
15 Beattie St.
17 Kincumber Hotel
20 Chevron
21 Chester Hill Hote
22 Canb. C.A.E.

INTERVIEW
15 Roxon

ITCHY FEET
19 New York Tav.

JUMP INCORPORATED
16 Syd. Cove Tav.
20 West. Sub. Leagues

KAM—SHA
22 Roxon
23 Piccadilly Hotel

JOHN KENNEDY'S LOVE GONE WRONG
16 Marrickville Hotel
18 Manzil

LAYABOUTS
22 Manning Bar
23 Shanneys

LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS
15 Mosman Hotel
16 Syd. Cove Tav.

LIPP SYSTEM
17 Parkway Hotel
22 Newcastle Hotel

MAD GORILLA
15 Rooty Hill RSL

MAESTROS AND DIPSOS
15 Yugal Soccer
16 Vulcan Hotel

MELTING SKYSCRAPERS
21 Royal Hotel
23 Mosman Hotel

MILKY BAR KIDS
15 Cumberland College
25 St. James

MIRRORED IMAGE
15 Shellharbour Workers
16 Floyds (ACT)
23 Hills Inn Hotel
27 Sheilas

MODELS
27 St. George Sailing
28 Shellharbour Workers

MUSTARD CLUB
15 Local Inn
19 Hip Hop Club

THE NARCS
15 Balmain Leagues
16 Selinas

THE COWLY NEIL BAND
15 Jewel's Tav.

THE NEVER NEVER
21 Strawberry Hill
22 Golden Sheaf
28 Strawberry Hill

NON—STOP DANCERS
15 Syd. Cove Tav.
16 Dapto Leagues
17 St. George Budapest

OFF THE SHEILD
21 Mosman Hotel

OL'55
19 Barooga Sports
21 Moss Vale Hotel
22 Shellharbour Workers
23 Panthers
27 Hotel Manly

OLYMPIC SIDEBURNS
16 Mosman Hotel

OTHER VOICES
18 Strawberry Hill

PARTY GIRLS
20 Weston Workers
21 Bayview Hotel
22 Blacktown RSL
23 Hawkesbury Sports
24 Nth. Syd. Leagues

PLANET JANET
16 Leumah Inn
21 Jungle Room
22 Pete's Hideaway
23 Catalina Country Club

POLES APART
15 Piccadilly Hotel

PROMINENT SYDNEY BUSINESSMEN
28 Yugal Soccer

THE PROMISE
21 Caringbah Inn
22 Roxon
24 Avalon RSL
26 Sweethearts

RAVEN
22 Botany RSL

THE ROCKMELONS
15 Gaelic Club

ROSE TATTOO
22 Balmain Leagues
23 Dee Why Hotel
24 Collegians

THE SAINTS
20 Orange Services
22 Parkes Leagues
23 Lithgow Workers
24 West. Sub. Leagues
26 Local Inn

SAMURAI TRASH
16 Syd. Cove Tav.
22 Central Coast Leagues
24 West. Sub. Leagues
26 Hip Hop Club
27 Tivoli

SCATTERED GUN
15 Royal Hotel

SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
15 Suth. Ent. Cent.
17 Mosman Hotel
2 Piccadilly Hotel

SEALEKTRIX
15 Whitehouse Inn

SENSATIONAL TIGERS
22 Mosman Hotel

SHARKS
15 Campbelltown Leagues
16 Chester Hill Hotel
20 Hotel Manly
22 Bankstown Sports (Early)
22 Manzil (Late)
27Hotel Manly
28 Tivoli

SIBERIAN ALLSTARS
15 Manzil

SILENT TYPES
21 Carmens
22 Revesby Workers

SLIPPERY WHEN WET
22 Palais

SOFT TOYS
16 Rest Hotel
20 Hotel Manly
23 Rest Hotel

SOLDIER
15 Richmond Inn
16 Royal Antler
21 Royal Oak

THE SPANGLED DRONGOES
15–23 The Cricketer's Arms

STORMY MONDAY
15 Canb. Labour Club (ACT)
16 Royals Rugby (ACT)
17 Ainslie Rugby (ACT)
19 St. James Tav.
23 Corrimal Leagues
26 St. James Tav.

STUPIDITY
17 St. George Budapest
22 Campbelltown Leagues

SWANEE
20 Taree RSL
26 Sweethearts
27 Cabbage Tree Hotel
28 Local Inn

SWINGING TEES
21 Mosman Hotel

TEMPER TEMPER
20 Beattie St.
22 Hopetoun Hotel
27 Beattie St.

TENEMENT DANCE
15 Syd. Cove Tav.

THIS IS THIS
18 St. James Tav.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS
21 Propoganda Club
22 Canb. C.A.E. (Lunch)
23 Cafe Jax (ACT)

TOUCANS
16 Parkway Hotel
21 Mona Vale Hotel

THE TRIBE
15 Palais
16 Selinas
20 Piccadilly Hotel

TRICK CYCLISTS
19 Stallions
20 Hornsby RSL
21 Didis
22 Carmens
23 Sheilas
24 Illawarra Builders
25 Stallions
27 Blacktown Inn
28 Didis

THE TRILOBITES
17 Mosman Hotel
22 Vulcan Hotel
23 Carmens

THE 22'S
20 Mosman Hotel

UNDERCOVERS
15 Royals Rugby (ACT)
21 Namatjira Hotel
22 Austral Bowling
23 Hotel Manly
28 Bull And Bush

VENETIANS
17 Shellharbour Workers
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15 Revesby Workers
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16 Local Inn

THE YOUNG LIONS
15 Tourmaline Hotel
21 Dee Why Hotel
27 Palais
28 Royal Hotel

YOUR FANATICS
27 28 Jolly Roger

ZARSOFF BROS
17 Bombay Rock

VIC.

THE ADVENTURE
15 The Venue

AGE 1 AND 2
2 0 The Venue

ARMS AND LEGS
18 Burwood Campus (Arvo)
18 Bensons (Night)
19 Prahran College
20 The Club
21 La Trobe Uni.
22 De Marcos
23 The Venue
24 Prospect Hill Hotel

ASAMBU AFRO—ROCK
16 Beatroot Club

BLACK SORROW
16 The Venue

CAMOUFLAGE
15 Beaumaris Hotel
16 Terminus Hotel (Arvo)
22 Beaumaris Hotel
21 Sherbourne Hotel

CUTTERS
15 Pier Hotel
16 The Venue

DEKADANCE
24 The Venue

ELECTRIC PANDAS
20 Mildurra Bridge Hotel
28 Billboard

FIELD OF KNIVES
15 Ferntree Gully Hotel

THE GANGSTERS
15 Royal Hotel
17 The Cockpit
21 Nth. Melb. Rugby
22 Tarmac Hotel
23 Sherbourne Hotel

GIMIX
15 Pier Hotel
16 Astradome
28 Foster's Night Spot

GRAND WAZOO BAND
15 Billboard
16 Moonee Ponds Tav.

HOT ROCK
22 McCartins Hotel
23 Astradome

ILLUSTRATIONS
23 The Venue

LITTLE MURDERS
22 The Venue

LOONEY TUNES
21 The Venue

MATRIX CLUB
15 Miners Rest Hotel

NO NONSENSE
15 The Venue

OL'55
15 Golden Trout
16 Melton Hotel
17 Terminus (Early)
17 San Remo Ballroom (Late)

ORDINARY MEN
15 Pier Hotel

PHOTOPLAY
22 The Venue

SCHIZO SCHIZO
23 The Venue

SOLE TWISTERS
15 Armadale Hotel
16 Rock Gardens

SPANIARDS
15 De Marcos
16 Prospect Hill Hotel
22 Moonee Ponds Tav.
23 Prospect Hill Hotel
24 The Venue
27 Burwood State College

SUBURBAN CRAWL
23 De Marcos

SURVIVAL
15 Tarmac Hotel
16 Sherbourne Hotel
18 Billboard
20 De Marcos
21 Beaumaris Hotel
22 Royal Hotel
23 Provincial Hotel
24 The Cockpit
25 Billboard
27 De Marcos
28 The Cockpit

SWANEE
15 Ferntree Gully Hotel
16 Tarmac Hotel
17 Moonee Ponds Tav.

KARL VAN EST
15 P.C.R. Club (Early)
15 City Limits (Late)
16 Derby's

VIRGIN
15 Bridge Hotel
16 Bridge Hotel

LEE WALKER BAND
15 Beaumaris Hotel
16 Provincial Hotel
20 Bells Hotel
21 New Orleans Hotel
23 Beaumaris Hotel
28 Beaumaris Hotel

THE WHITE
19 Melb. Uni.
22 Venetian Room

WHO'S ON FIRST
20 The Venue

S.A.

BEATNIX
15 Pt. Augusta Rugby
16 Sundowner, Whyalla

ELECTRIC PANDAS
21 Le Rox
22 Findon Hotel
23 Adelaide Uni.
25 Toucan Tou

THE SAINTS
28 Le Rox

N.T.

WARUMPI BAND
17, 25 Yirara College
23 Araluen Arts Cent.
27 Ayers Rock
28 Yulara Village

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THE MIGHTY SPIRIT SHOW
(Tivoli, Sydney)

In a unique revue style rock'n'roll show, Joe Camilleri presented a Sydney audience with the Melbourne artists who comprise the roster of his new Spirit Records label. The results were mixed — 'mixed' being the operative word. The whole show suffered from an indifferent sound mix that really only suited the smaller, more conventional rock combo lineups throughout the evening. An inadequate PA had been E.Q.'d around Gary Young's admittedly fine drum sound, and it proved difficult for vocals and strings especially to rise above it and take their rightful place in the overall picture. Add to that the Tivoli's fearful 'bass trap', and the result was a murky, middle-range drone of which only the drums and Camilleri's saxophone were consistently heard with any clarity.

Taking the stage as their own support band, BLACK SORROWS opened the show with a short but impressive set. Taking their cue from American Tex-Mex stylings, the Black Sorrows combine Camilleri's soul-tinged vocals and sax with a rock'n'roll rhythm section augmented by violin and piano accordion. Highlights were the opener, *You Better Move On*, a soulful *Young Boy Blues* (with a concise guitar solo from Ross Hannaford), and a solid rocking version of Joe Tex's *You Got What It Takes*, complete with falsetto vocals and violin/accordion riffing. The standout was an unusual waltz-time reworking of Chuck Berry's *Promised Land*, recalling the Stones in a country mood.

The Mighty Spirit Show proper began with a brief overture, Camilleri's sax soloing over a strings and piano piece, before STEVE HOY was introduced. Hoy's vocals were for the most part inaudible, and his songs — which ran the gamut from reggae and rockabilly to a dated new wave style reminiscent of early Joe Jackson — consisted of strong, memorable hooks with nothing much in between. *Hold Me Again* and *Heart On My Sleeve ('My tongue in your mouth/your heart on my sleeve')* stood out, but Hoy's stage presence was nervous and lukewarm until his closer, *Flip Through The Pages*, which he announced as a "socio-economic precis of the media in a roundabout sort of way". Hmmm.

A burst of applause indicated that the reputation of "the irrepressible BILLY BAXTER" had preceded him, but his set of justly forgotten sixties MOR songs betrayed his obvious talents as a showman. Sounding a bit like Gary Puckett at Caesar's Palace, Baxter got the full treatment — strings, horns *and* backing vocals. Great arrangements, but the style — like the sound — was mushy, a surfeit of schmaltz and major seventh chords. The strings sawed away to no avail, and the rhythm section worked hard to maintain interest. Baxter got animated later in the set, but a few kneedrops and some good horn chants failed to deflect attention from the kitscherie of the whole exercise.

NICK SMITH, a former Millionaire and Melbourne session singer of some notoriety (Steve Cummings, Jo Jo Zep *et al*) followed with a bracket that highlighted his vocal abilities, but was largely uneventful except for a haunting muted trumpet solo from Tony Morris and workmanlike versions of the Young Rascals' *Groovin'* and Stevie Wonder's early hit, *I Was Made To Love Her*.

The show closed with a spiritual (no pun) from the vocal trio MAN FRIDAY, and another set from the Black Sorrows. The whole evening ended as a dance party, with fine versions of *Corinna Corinna, Brown Eye'd Girl* and *Hey Ma Ma*, featuring George Petropoulos's honky-tonk accordion and some excellent soloing by violinist Steve McTaggart — at last audible in the mix. The band encored with *What A Difference A Day Makes* (with a great tenor sax solo by Sally Ford), and then a cast of thousands — well, would you believe nineteen? — took the stage for *Under The Boardwalk*.

Joe Camilleri seemed to be everywhere at once — now singing, now emceeing, now blowing a cameo sax solo. At times it seemed like a one-man show, but then if the success of his label depends on him alone, he's doing his best to ensure it. A brave and not unsuccessful project, marred by sound problems, but mounted at the ideal venue. And a vital introduction for Sydney to that southern phenomenon, Carlton r'n'b. See? There's more to Melbourne than VB.

CHRIS STAFFORD

Joey 'n' George (Pic: Tom Takacs/Camerartery)

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS
(Tivoli, Sydney)

Tonight, the Tiv is so packed you could wring the air, so thick it is with smoke and the humidity generated by hundreds of excited bodies. Owing to the vagaries of public transport on a wet Sydney night, I have succeeded in missing the support band — but this is perhaps fortunate, as half an hour in here has left me gasping for a cool breeze.

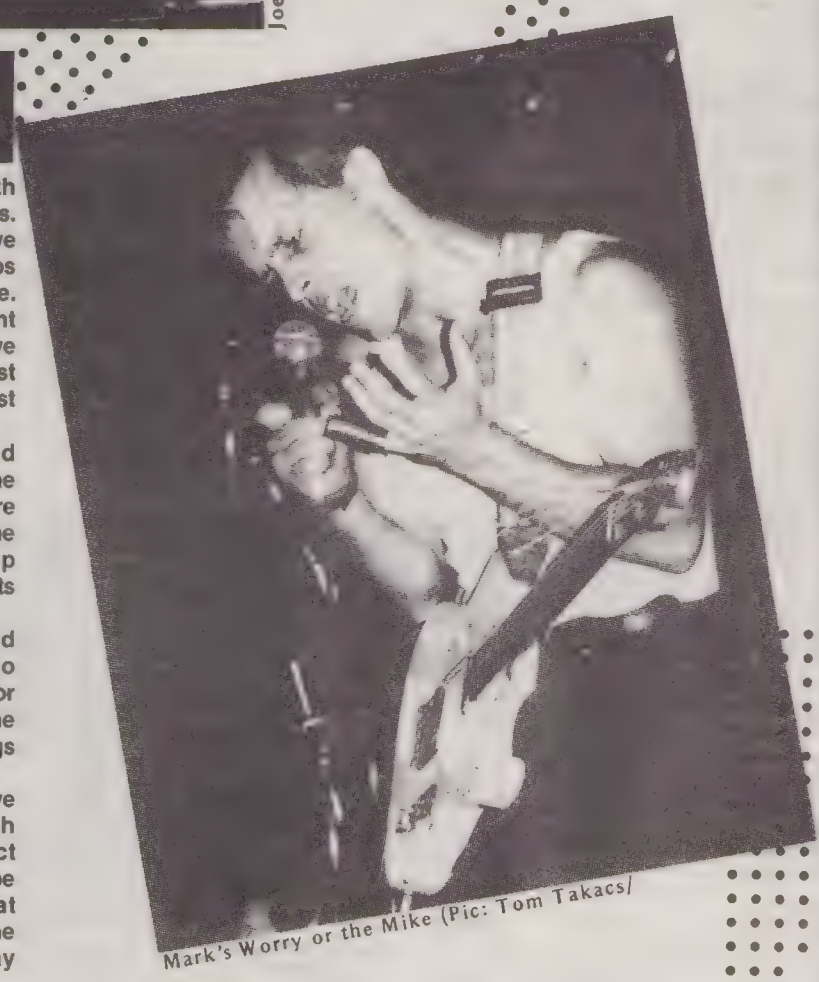
Just as I was getting wobbly from lack of oxygen, a surge to the front heralded the opening notes of *Throw Your Arms Around Me*. Ah! I love the way Hunters And Collectors, so quintessentially *boyish* in most respects, are unafraid to perform such a smouldering torch song first up, and so full of secret tenderness!

This band has such a wealth of terrific material at their disposal, and a seemingly infinite supply of genius which is brought to bear on the complex arrangements of the songs. Horns, keyboard and guitar are all used in the creation of mini aural landscapes which shimmer in the air before you. And deep down below, the grunting rhythms keep everybody's feet on the ground and on the move: groinal music with its head in the clouds.

Without wanting them to sound like dinosaurs of rock, Hunters And Collectors play like a well-oiled machine. They work like bastards to generate the sort of energy that makes live performance a matter for celebration, clearly taking huge pleasure in their mastery of the medium. The audience responds in kind, receiving all offerings rapturously and whooping extra over special favourites.

Having survived early idolatry, Hunters And Collectors have developed an immensely powerful and individual aesthetic which works as well on vinyl as it does live. They richly deserve the respect they command across the music industry. I only hope they can escape being seduced into complacency by their own achievements, for at the core of their music lies a sharp and hungry edge which I for one would miss terribly if they ever came to rest on past laurels. Long may they make mincemeat of our lives!

WANDA JAMROZIK



Mark's Worry or the Mike (Pic: Tom Takacs/

JOHN FOGERTY
Centerfield
(WEA)

Hush, children: we are in the presence of greatness. For a brief but unforgettable period, as the Sixties turned into the Seventies and went downhill from there, this man — fronting a group called Creedence Clearwater Revival — defined virtually everything that's always been wonderful and timeless and true about rock'n'roll.

For Fogerty, this music provided the inspirational soundtrack for a vision of a pioneering, optimistic America. Creedence's best records were taut, whiplash statements that ranged across the entire spectrum of traditional American musics, gave voice to a celebration of a splendid, mythical past. *Proud Mary*, for instance, introduced Mark Twain to Chuck Berry, somewhere along the Mississippi: a joyous bayou howl set to a riff of legendary simplicity that quickly became Fogerty's trademark. As the mood of America darkened in the early seventies, Fogerty responded with the exclamatory premonitions of *Bad Moon Rising* and the yearning poignancy of *Who'll Stop The Rain*?

Here, it seemed, was a songwriter who would continue to document both the glory and the anguish of a nation as it struggled through a deeply troubled decade. But when Creedence split, messily and finally in 1972, Fogerty retreated from the front line, appeared to resign himself to a kind of premature obscurity. He recorded only two more albums in the seventies: since 1975's *John Fogerty*, he has been silent, a brooding enigma. It was as if Fogerty couldn't contemplate the potential embarrassment of releasing anything that failed to match his previous achievements.

It's taken him fully ten years to reconcile his ambition and his apprehension, and the result is *Centerfield*. Not everything about this LP will convince the unconverted about Fogerty's undoubted genius, but to the partisan commentator, there is ample evidence of his undiminished powers.

The album gets off to an absolutely cracking start with the tense, electrifying snarl of *The Old Man Down The Road*, whose spitting guitar kick and apocalyptic imagery stands alongside anything in the vintage Creedence repertoire. The same dank gravity and urgent baptist frenzy informs the simmering atmosphere of *Searchlight*, which opens side two of this record. Here, Fogerty's torrid electric guitar and spectral coyote yell send arctic shivers down the listener's spine, conjuring nightmare images of something's ghastly on the horizon; something cursed, unholy and coming this way.

Elsewhere, Fogerty lightens up, reminds us of the rejuvenating persuasion of classic rock'n'roll. *Rock And Roll Girls* boasts a crass sort of title and its sentiments are probably trite in triplicate, but its spectacularly agile melody and Fogerty's thrilling vocal — just dig those swooping falsetto yodels! — describe an almost perfect pop symmetry. The LP's title track is similarly stirring: uplifting, glowing, warm-hearted, a toe-curling groove, inspired by an infatuation with baseball that Fogerty neatly turns into a metaphor for living and doing things right.

I'm not quite so sure about the merits of the bludgeoning *Mr Greed* with its six-string avalanche of bruising guitar chords, and *I Can't Help Myself* is spritely, but eventually a tad slight, despite a gorgeous chorus and a smart guitar volley that vaults across an hilarious Linn-drum explosion. No such doubts about *Big Train (From Memphis)*, a brilliantly authentic re-creation of Sun-style rockabilly that is at once Fogerty's belated epitaph to Elvis Presley and, more generally, a resigned post-script to the waning thwack of the original, unadulterated vigour of rock'n'roll.

This listener is equally taken by the sheerly vindictive venom of *Zanz Kant Danz*, whose jockey Chinatown guitar figurations and mocking singalong chorus barely disguise its intense disgust at the mercenary inclinations of the music business (the song is obviously directed at Fogerty's former label boss, Saul Zaentz, with whom the author has been squabbling for some years). Even Elvis Costello would be hard to put to match such violent fingerpointing and outraged vitriol.

All this leaves us with *I Saw It On TV*, the LP's most vulnerable cut. Many will find its sentiments naive, dismiss it for its simple straightforwardness, its lack of artful eloquence. This would be missing the point, utterly. *I Saw It On TV* is an autobiographical reflection on nearly three decades of personal and historical turmoil — evoking the Eisenhower years, the innocence of adolescence, the pain of growing and leaving; it scans the Sixties, the death of Kennedy's promise, the rise of the Beatles, Vietnam and its accumulated grief; the heinous crimes of the Nixon administration. All this, Fogerty concentrates into a little over four minutes and sets to a melancholic country tune that recalls both his own *Who'll Stop The Rain?* and Gram Parsons' *New Soft Shoe*. Finally, the song wrings hearts like an old diary, a reminder of what might have been and certainly what was.

More than ever, John Fogerty sounds like the John Ford of rock'n'roll: a traditionalist, certainly; sentimental, yes: but rebellious too; the last of the independents, if you like. He continues to do what he has to do, on his own terms, answerable only to himself.

Centerfield is a great record in that respect. Listening to it is like finding new lips for a familiar passion.

ALLAN JONES

DON HENLEY
Building The Perfect Beast
(Geffen)

With Don Henley's elegaic *Boys Of Summer* quite rightly floating gently up the charts, the album naturellement follows hot on its heeds. Is Don an MOR dullard, an AOR captain of crap? Well... not altogether.

Henley's heartbroken croak was the main reason why the Eagles occasionally made the break from the AOR mire (those who would dismiss the claims of *New Kid In Town* or *One Of These Nights* to being excellent pop songs are sadly misguided), and on *Perfect Beast* the vocal tackle sounds alive, well and perhaps a trifle more mature.

The album is pure LA in sound and texture. Aided by old lags like Danny Kortchmar, Steve Porcaro and Lindsey Buckingham from the local mafia, not to mention keyboardsman Ben Tench and the excellent Mike Campbell from Tom Petty's Heartbreakers, Henley has ensured a seamless finish in all departments. Synths often gain the whip hand over guitars, but song structures are basically trad — country for *You're Not Drinking Enough*, simple pop for *You Can't Make Love* or *Not Enough Love In The World*, and straightforward automatic funk in the tongue-in-cheek *All She Wants To Do Is Dance*. Biggest howler is *Man With A Mission*, a gratuitously idiotic portion of rock'n'roll.

However, Henley has unexpectedly made some effort to look outside his California cocoon. The title track is an over-arranged juggernaut sprawl of synths and fake brass over a repeating riff, and somewhere among all this, Don seems to be hinting at weighty theories about evolution going awry and techno-takeover. *The Boys Of Summer* is a haunting lament for the passing of an era (that line about the Deadhead sticker on the Cadillac should run and run), while *Sunset Grill* is side two's centrepiece, a broodingly ironic look at LA's human debris.

Most of Don Henley's contemporaries have succumbed to wealth and associated vices, so the fact that he's not only survived but is also still capable of coherent thought is a minor marvel. *Beast* is patchy, but it's alive and kicking.

ADAM SWEETING

THE FLYING LIZARDS
Top Ten
(Statik)

The notion that it was possible to create an unexpected depth of intrigue through the treatment of pop's simple titillation and novelty value in the context of a thoughtfully destructive technique made the early Flying Lizards singles seem far more than their actual sum. The brittle covers of *Summertime Blues* and *Money* were good fun, and somehow provocative as well the sound of polite white artists playing mechanical black men had its moments of humour laced with a little shock and an interesting set of associations.

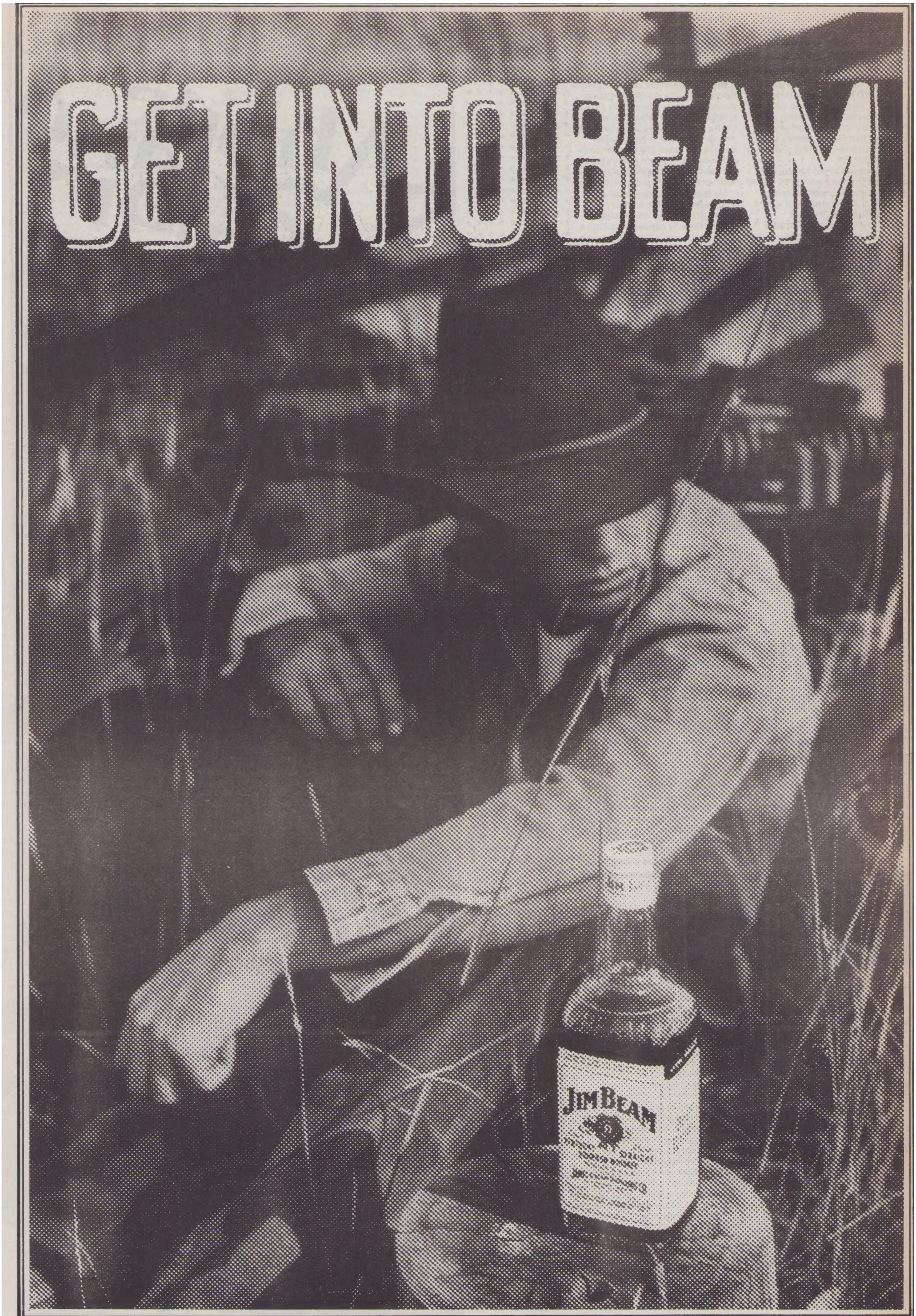
Things slipped a bit with the Lizards' remash of Mayfield's sublime *Move On Up*, and one suspected that this would be the end of a small but mostly worthwhile footnote in the history of credible pap. Not so I'm afraid, because here is the album on the same theme.

Top Ten is an angular crash through a list of "greats" that include *Tutti Frutti, Sex Machine, What's New Pussycat, Whole Lotta Shaking Goin' On, Purple Haze* and *Great Balls Of Fire*. Over a musical backdrop of cubist keyboards and metronomic percussion, vocalist Sally blankly intones the lyrics in an Oxbridge voice that suggests all the rampant gaiety of a civil service Christmas party.

It's a trick that may have worked once or even twice, but spread across 12 inches at 33 1/3, it rapidly becomes not just predictable, but tedious. The heavily stylised pose loses its impact, and instead of assuming the role of inventive iconoclasts, the Lizards appear merely bored saboteurs.

There's plenty of mileage to be had from mixing past with present as the Art Of Noise's excellent debut LP proves, but this is *one* idea spread so thin it loses all meaning. Ultimately it forces the conclusion that even music makers with pretensions are liable to make 'son of' records, and however mannered or distanced the style, this is exploitation in any man's language.

IAN PYE



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